

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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From well-groomed head to well-shod feet she's elegance itself. The same pride—and care—is reflected in her car. Immaculate interior . . . brilliant bodywork . . . gleaming glass and chromium . . . and, to set off the whole, the smartness of Dunlop White Sidewall tyres. Distinctive, dependable and safe, these tyres—in 'Dunlop', 'Dunlop Fort' and 'Roadspeed' types—will enhance the design and colour of *your* car. Whether or not you choose White Sidewall, do make sure you keep to Dunlop—with or without the tube, as you please.

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makes the tyre you want



A Chateau near Spa—Photo: Belgian Tourist Office.

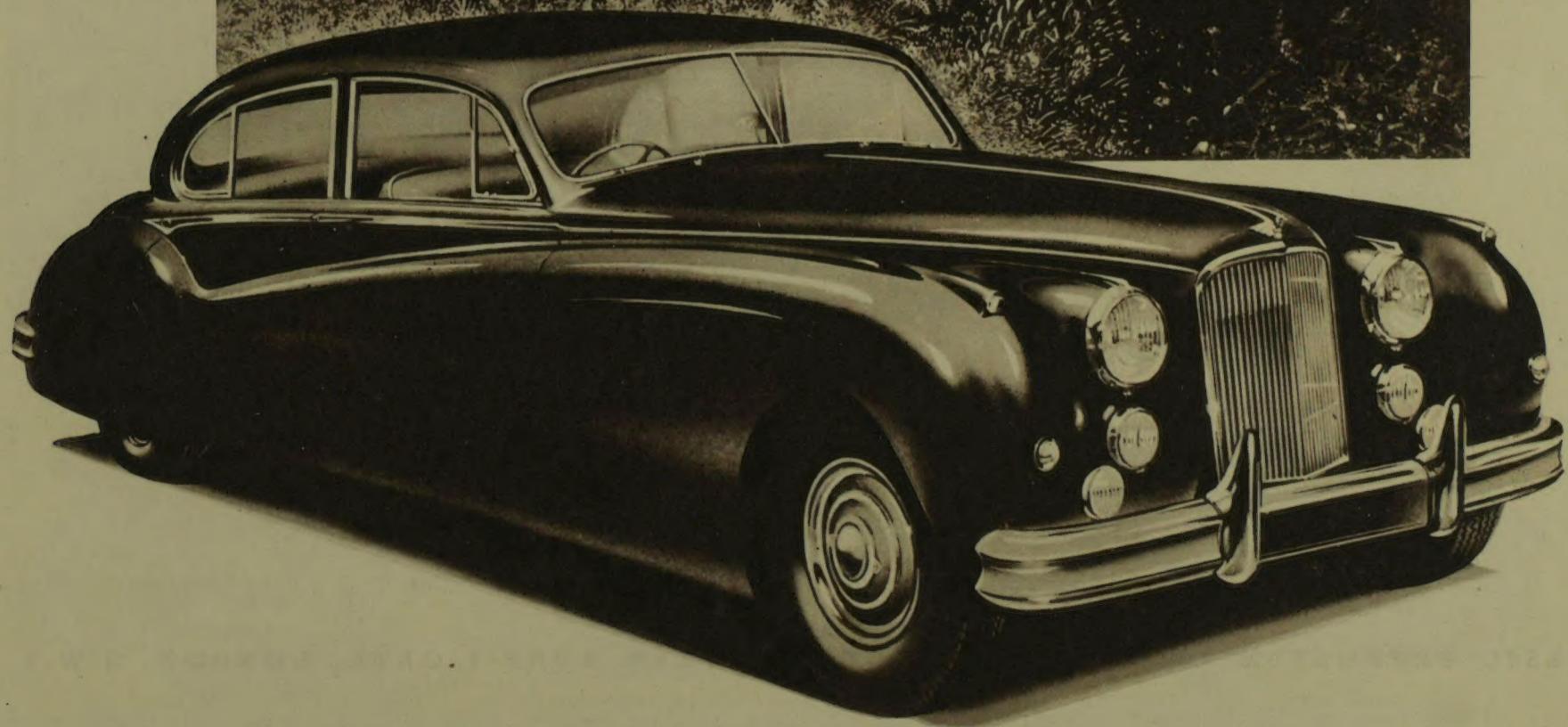
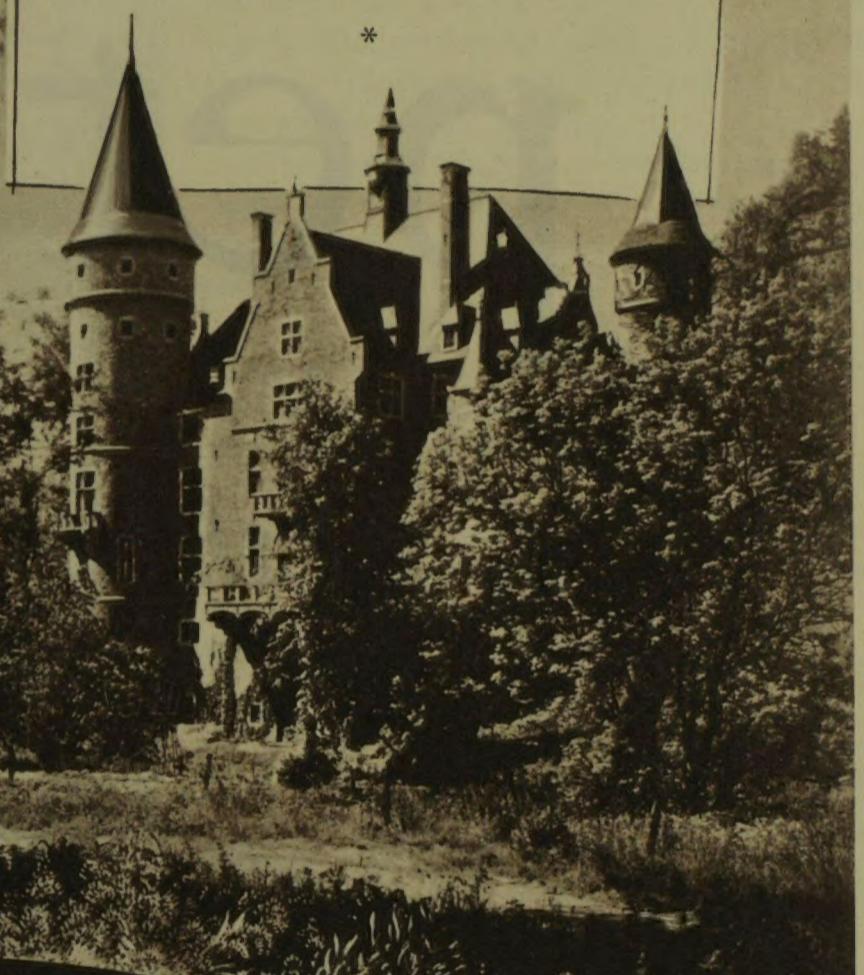


BACKGROUND TO JAGUAR BREEDING . . .

SPA

Set in the heart of the picturesque Ardennes, the racecourse of Spa has been the scene of notable Jaguar victories in the Annual Production Car Race in which Jaguars have crowned their wins by twice returning fastest lap of the day.

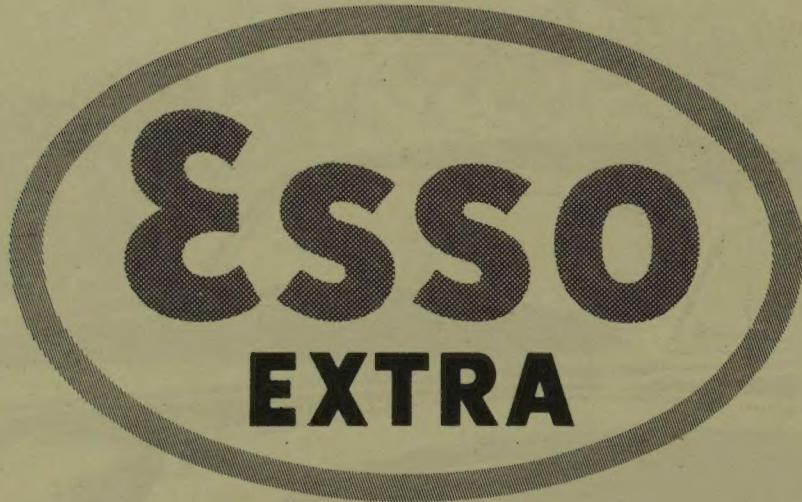
*



JAGUAR Grace . . . Space . . . Pace

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in the World





Men of affairs...

The new Daimler Regency is a large car with a sense of occasion. It is the complete answer to the man of affairs who needs a car that will take him from place to place with great rapidity, in supreme comfort and with considerable prestige.

Outstanding road holding. Brisk acceleration makes the Regency a very lively car indeed. Fluid transmission gives that easy handling so characteristic of a Daimler. But perhaps its most outstanding quality is superb road holding. Over any kind of road surface, the Regency is entirely free from pitch or roll.

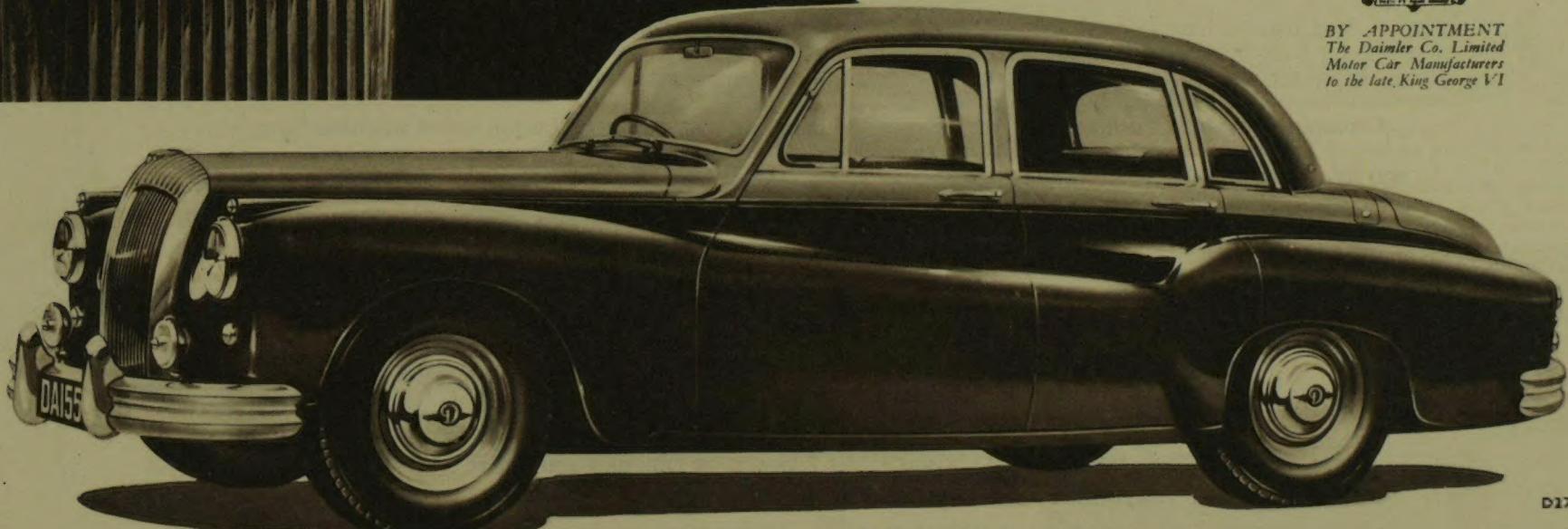
Luxury fittings include telescopic steering column, automatic chassis lubrication, courtesy lights in the coachwork and luggage compartment, reserve petrol tank, polished walnut occasional tables, facia and window cappings, leather upholstery, thick carpeting and individual arm rests front and rear. So much has gone into this car that you might expect it to cost more than the actual figure of £2324.9.2 including purchase tax (3½ litre model). Also available with 4·6 litre engine —£2777.15.10 including purchase tax.

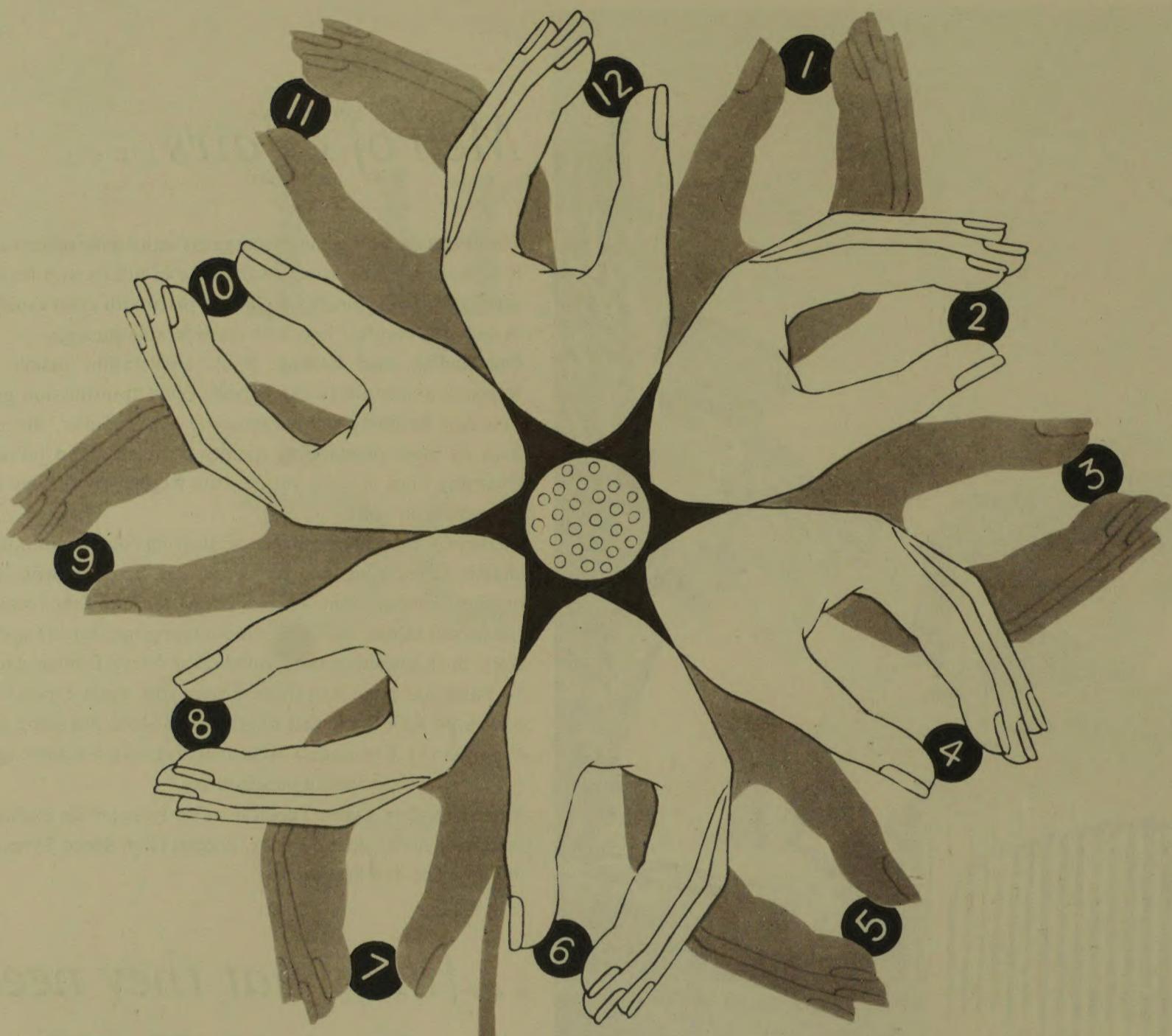
Tubeless Safety Tyres. Tubeless safety tyres are an exclusive feature of the 3½ litre Regency. Special High Speed Tyres are fitted on the 4·6 litre model.

*...find what they need
in a DAIMLER
REGENCY*



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The Daimler Co. Limited
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to the late King George VI





Resourcefulness

Originality must always lie in an ability to blossom forth. If you look at the Crompton Parkinson organisation you will find that we have done exactly that thing. From the small bud that was Colonel Crompton's original Company 75 years ago have sprung today twelve outstanding

in bloom . . .

petals—each a department that is representative of the important things in electrical equipment and installation. Like all blooms, the Crompton bloom will vary in form with the years, but it will continue to win the top prizes in the electricity show. It is an essential part in the world's industrial garden. It is something that should be button-holed whenever you are considering how to use electrical power to its best advantage.

**When it comes to electrical equipment . . .
you've got to hand it to**

Crompton Parkinson
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1 ELECTRIC MOTORS OF ALL KINDS.

7 LAMPS. 8 LIGHTING EQUIPMENT.

2 ALTERNATORS AND GENERATORS. 3 SWITCHGEAR.

9 BATTERIES. 10 STUD WELDING EQUIPMENT.

4 B.E.T. TRANSFORMERS. 5 CABLES. 6 INSTRUMENTS.

11 TRACTION EQUIPMENT. 12 CEILING FANS.

AVRO knows how...

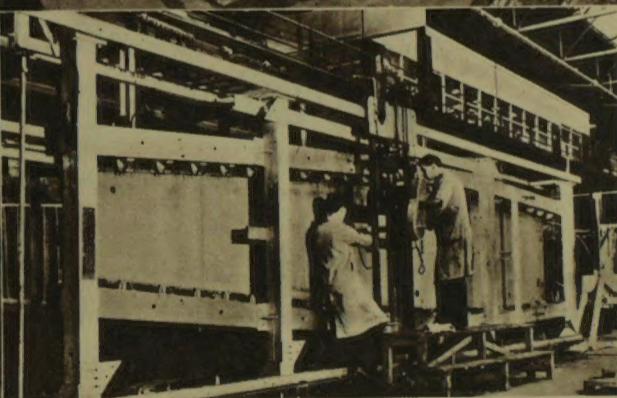
**TO SET
THE PACE
IN AIRCRAFT
PRODUCTION**

The big problem in producing a modern bomber in quantity is 'tooling-up'. For the Avro Vulcan this meant more than 40,000 special jigs and tools which themselves had to have their own production programme. In essence the skill and experience with which the tooling programme is planned determines the ability of a company to meet a specific rate of production.

But Avro are 'old hands' at all this. And even with such a revolutionary design as the Vulcan, the basic principles of successful quantity production are still the same. The traditional technique which enabled over 7,000 Lancasters to be built during World War II was used to speed the Vulcan into production.

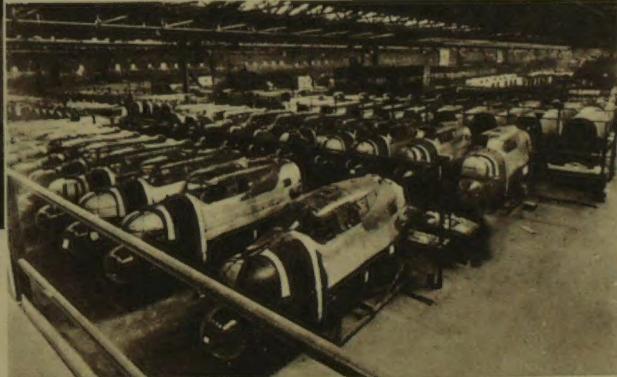
From the very beginning, the Avro Vulcan was designed for smooth quantity production. At each successive stage of its passage from design to prototype the 'know how' of Avro Production Experts was fully utilised by the Avro design team.

Today the famous Avro tradition of co-operative planning and genius for large-scale production can once more be seen successfully at work in the swiftly growing production of the vital Avro Vulcan—world's first four-jet Delta wing bomber.



Above: one of the jigs essential in large-scale production. Over 40,000 jigs and tools were designed and installed for the quantity production of the Avro Vulcan.

Below: a section of the vast Avro production line which during World War II produced nearly half the total of 7,366 four engined Lancaster Bombers besides thousands of Ansons.



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By Appointment Makers of Weatherproof



Clothing to the late King George VI



This Week's News from BURBERRYS

No need to tell these two people that "it's always Burberry weather"! The young woman's Burella coat, an all-wool Gabardine Showerproof, may be worn with or without the belt and is available in a range of pleasing colours. The man wears a Walking Pattern Burberry in twice-proofed cotton Gabardine. Its loose, classic cut and light weight make it the ideal weatherproof for all occasions and a pleasure to wear at any time of the year.

Appointed agents in all the principal towns in Great Britain. Send for complete catalogue with details of goods on approval and of cleaning, reproofing and retinting service.

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BURBERRYS LTD



Watches

and the sea....

The mechanical development of watches in this country was stimulated by the growth of British sea power.

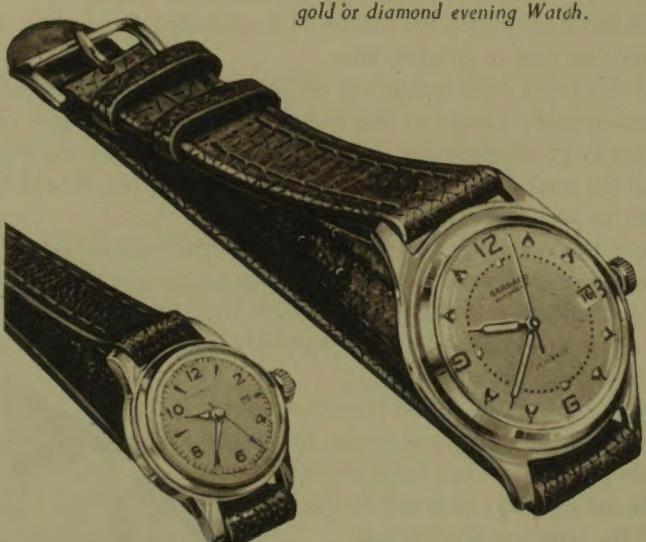
The absence of a reliable timekeeper was a matter of serious concern to our ships, and in the 17th century attempts were made to produce a timekeeper which would determine longitude at sea, but without success.

During 1729-60, John Harrison, a self-taught Yorkshire carpenter, invented and constructed four marine timekeepers. The fourth of these won an award of £20,000 offered by the British Government for any means of determining a ship's longitude within 30 nautical miles at the end of a six weeks' voyage.

But the men at sea demanded still more accurate timekeeping and it was left to Earnshaw and Arnold, two English watchmakers, in the early days of the 19th century, to develop the marine chronometer as we know it today—basically the same in structure and working as the thoroughly reliable modern watch.

The movement of every Garrard Watch is made to our own specification and examined and tested in our own workshops.

The cases vary from the waterproof steel Watch to a lady's gold or diamond evening Watch.



AUTOMATIC WATCHES STEEL & CHROME

Lady's (with calendar)	£13. 10. 0	(without calendar) £50. 00. 0
Man's (with calendar)	£18. 10. 0	(with calendar) £85. 00. 0

18 CARAT GOLD

Lady's (with calendar)	£13. 10. 0	(without calendar) £50. 00. 0
Man's (with calendar)	£18. 10. 0	(with calendar) £85. 00. 0

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better drink



MARTINI

vermouth

In the true

Continental Manner

A glass of Martini Dry Vermouth,
well chilled and with a twist of
lemon peel makes the perfect
aperitif before lunch or dinner.

(In a bar ask for

'A Dry Martini Vermouth')



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the *LAND-* *-ROVER*

A Land-Rover simply won't take "No Road" for an answer. Four-wheel drive takes it anywhere in any weather, no matter how steep the gradients or how treacherous the surfaces. It will haul a two-ton load with almost contemptuous ease and, when equipped with power take-off, can act as a mobile power unit or a stationary engine. It is a maid of all work and a master of all trades—the most versatile vehicle in the world.

- FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE
- 8 SPEEDS FORWARD AND 2 REVERSE
- SPECIAL LONG-LIFE ENGINE FEATURES
- 3 COMFORTABLE CAR-TYPE FRONT SEATS



86" Wheelbase Standard Model with
detachable hood and side screens.

***LAND-*
-ROVER makes light work of heavy duty**

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1955.



THE FRENCH VICTORY IN THE DERBY : MME. SUZY VOLTERRA'S PHIL DRAKE (F. PALMER UP) WINNING FROM PANASLIPPER ; AND (INSET) MME. VOLTERRA, THIRD WOMAN OWNER TO WIN THE GREATEST CLASSIC RACE, HOLDING THE TROPHY.

THE 1955 DERBY WINNER,
AND HIS OWNER, MADAME SUZY
VOLTERRA, THIRD WOMAN
OWNER TO WIN THE RACE.

MADAME SUZY VOLTERRA'S *Phil Drake* (*Admiral Drake—Philippa*), trained in France by M. François Mathet, and ridden by F. Palmer, won the 1955 Derby, coming up from lying eighteenth of twenty-three at Tattenham Corner to beat the 100—1 outsider *Panaslipper* by a length-and-a-half, in one of the most thrilling late runs ever recorded in the history of the race. The favourite, *Acropolis*, was third. It was the first time that the well-known Volterra colours had been carried to victory in the Derby, although the late M. Léon Volterra had a half-share in *My Love* when it won in the Aga Khan's [Continued opposite.]



Continued.

colours in 1948 ; and in 1949, the year of his death, M. Volterra's *Amour Drake* was beaten into second place by *Nimbus* in the first Derby photo-finish. By *Phil Drake*'s victory Mme. Suzy Volterra becomes the third woman owner to win the Derby. She bred her *Phil Drake* from her *Vatellor* mare *Philippa*, and before winning the greatest classic *Phil Drake* had only run twice in his life. *Vatellor*, it will be remembered, was the sire of *Pearl Diver* and *My Love*. *Phil Drake* started at 100—8. His jockey, F. Palmer, had never before ridden a classic winner, though he has been a leading jockey in France for some seasons and last year was sixth in the French table of jockeys. The race was a most exciting one. *Panaslipper* (*Solar Slipper—Panastrid*), which started at 100—1, looked like winning when he took the lead in the dip. At that moment, *Phil Drake* suddenly came up and passed horse after horse ; and then, brilliantly ridden by F. Palmer, switched from the outside to the inside, reaching the front just 100 yards from the winning-post ; and going strongly as he passed it. Mme. Volterra led *Phil Drake* into the winning enclosure and was then summoned to the Royal Box to receive congratulations from her Majesty the Queen, who presented her with the gold trophy.

Further photographs of Epsom on Derby day appear on another page.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN the good, or, rather, bad old days of my youth, strikes, when they occurred—and they often did—were directed against capitalist bosses, who were habitually depicted in the cartoons of the spirited and outspoken working-class newspapers of the day as most unpleasant and sinister types: stout, indeed bloated, monsters, with vast paunches hung with fabulous gold watch-chains and with top-hats perched, as often as not, on diabolical horns. Usually they were engaged in sucking the blood of some emaciated wage-earner and his family. They were the kind of employers, in other words, to strike against whom was not only a pleasure but a positive public duty. Strikes, as a result, were both frequent and fierce. And the apostles of progress looked hopefully to the day—then apparently very remote—when the wicked capitalist bosses would be overthrown and the all-just, all-benevolent State would be set up in their place to administer the mines and railways, docks and public utilities and principal means of production.

Well! that happy day has come, or almost come. Ten years ago, in the hour of our victory over Germany, we surged through the utopian gates and entered the paradise of the Socialist State. The curious thing, however, is that we still have strikes and threats of strikes, and not merely in those industries which remain wholly or partly in private hands, but in those which belong to the nation. The industrial workers, who constitute the great majority of our people, can control the State as they choose by their votes. In our most important basic industries the State now employs them; that is, the workers employ themselves. Yet the workers strike and threaten strikes against the State—against, in other words, themselves. Gilbert and Sullivan could not have conceived a more paradoxical, topsy-turvy state of affairs.

This, however, is an illogical world, and England, or, as the Scots very properly insist on having it, Britain, is almost certainly the most illogical corner of it! That English, or British, workers should strike against themselves was only to be expected. Even to-day they scarcely appear to be aware that they are doing so. The representatives of the State who control the railways and coal-mines in the State's name are still, it seems to those employed on the railways or on the mines, the greedy bosses of yore. They may not have such big paunches or wear such massive gold watch-chains as their capitalistic predecessors, but they are still the enemy. And if the public has to go without trains or fuel as the necessary price of humbling and getting the better of them, the public has no right to complain. It should pay more, we are told, for its railways and its coal, its gas, electricity, fares and freightage. And in the meantime it should pay public assistance to those who are withholding their labour in order to put up the price of the goods they provide. For, after all, the public itself is the boss, and is, metaphorically speaking, sucking the blood of the workers. It should, therefore, it is contended, be spoiled, like the Egyptians. But, as the workers are themselves the main part of that public, this only results in the workers having to pay more for the commodities they need. One cannot put up the price of production without adding to the burden on the consumer, and if the consumer is also the producer, as he is, Peter can only be paid more by robbing Peter. And thus Peter will not make himself any better off by striking. He will only make himself worse off by reducing the quantity of goods produced.

Frequently, moreover, the threatened strikes of to-day, though nominally directed against the national employer or his agent, are directed in reality against some other species of worker. It is not because the boss is withholding the worker's fair share of the industry's profits—for in nationalised industries there are often no profits to withhold—but because some other class of worker is being paid at a higher rate than another. Strikes even occur because one trade union resents the employment by the employer-State or individual—of men belonging to another. This is carrying the mechanism of the strike weapon to a point at which it becomes obviously suicidal. It looks as if we shall very soon reach this point.

The T.U.C., of course, is well aware of this, and has long been endeavouring with great public spirit to make its members realise this elementary truth.

But the habit of believing that the Boss can be made to pay is very deeply ingrained. His pocket still seems illimitable to the worker, even when it has become the worker's own pocket. However much the T.U.C. may preach, it cannot convince the rank and file of its members without something more readily intelligible than general arguments. A man is far more easily swayed by a personal necessity or a personal advantage than by a general argument. As long as he does not directly feel the drain on his own pocket of strikes against the community he will continue to follow the counsel of those who urge him to strike-action, in the teeth of the T.U.C.'s wise advice and admonition. At the moment, the whole framework of our society tends to conceal from the worker the connection between striking and going-slow on the one hand and the inevitable drain on his own pocket on the other. It is designed, indeed, to do just the opposite.

For the truth is that the modern Welfare State, for all its kindly and very considerable virtues, is built on an illogical thesis. This is not the same thing as saying that it is built on a false one, for the illogical is not necessarily the false. But on no logical basis is the Welfare State really defensible; that is one of the reasons why it is so hated by the Communists who pride themselves on their logic, even when it is only logic deduced from false premises.

Whatever form of society men wish to establish on an earth subject to Adam's curse, its economic welfare must depend on its productive capacity. And it can only produce real wealth if its people, or at least a large proportion of them, are prepared to work hard, not only at their productive tasks, but at mastering the skill required for them. A society can carry a certain number of drones and idlers, and every society known to history always has done so. But it cannot carry more than a certain number. If any substantial proportion of its people persistently takes it easy, no amount of resolutions, however high-intentioned and high-sounding, to abolish want and poverty in the community will in fact do so. For want and poverty attend on idleness as surely as disease attends on dirt and lice. Whether it is just or not that this should be so is immaterial; the fact remains that it is so. If a society wishes to avoid want and poverty, it must employ a system



LYING IDLE OR UNDERRILLED IN TWO OF LONDON'S BIG DOCKS, SHIPS OF MANY NATIONS AWAITING THE OUTCOME OF THE DOCK STRIKE. AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE KING GEORGE V. (LEFT) AND THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS DURING THE STRIKE CAUSED BY A DISPUTE BETWEEN TWO TRADE UNIONS.

Thirty-one ships were idle and nine undermanned in the London Docks on May 23, the first day of the strike caused by an inter-union dispute between the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers and the Transport and General Workers' Union. Throughout the country, 18,500 dockers went on strike, 5750 of them in the Port of London. The men were mainly members of the Stevedores' Union, which is seeking recognition by employers on port joint councils for negotiating purposes. The Transport and General Workers' Union opposed such recognition, accusing the Stevedores' Union of "poaching" its members. The strike enjoyed little support from dockers in other unions.

that causes the bulk of or all its people to work hard. The trouble about the Welfare State is that it cushions the average man from the spur both of necessity and self-interest. It simultaneously stops him from feeling the former by providing for him and his dependants whether he works or not, and, by taxing the rewards of effort in order to pay for this process, deprives him of any incentive to work hard. It keeps him from either feeling the stick or seeing the carrot. The Deputy Chairman of the National Coal Board, himself a former official of the National Union of Mineworkers, in a recent message to the mining industry has most impressively stressed the growing loss of production lost through strikes. "Face-capacity exists, mechanisation proceeds apace, reconstruction comes increasingly into play, yet the shortfall compared with a year ago continues week by week, and at the same time side by side with ever-increasing consumption.... In this kind of situation," he continued, "in a progressive democratic State, discipline cannot rest on fear and whips or anything else. It must rest on leadership." * The importance of leadership in any activity requiring human co-operation can scarcely be over-emphasised, and in an emergency it can achieve almost anything. But it cannot do everything all the time. It must itself rest on human nature. And here it seems to me we are reduced to that age-long choice between the stick and the carrot that the Welfare State attempts to ignore. If we wish to avoid ugly compulsion, we must offer incentives and, if incentives are to do their work properly, incentives plus leadership. If we refuse to offer incentives, as the Communists refuse, then we must fall back, as the latter also do, on compulsion, though again, to achieve results, compulsion plus leadership. We can take our choice and in whatever proportions we choose. But we cannot discard both the stick and the carrot unless we can also change human nature. Of our doing this I see no sign whatever!



THE FINISH OF THE DERBY: *PHIL DRAKE* (F. PALMER UP) WINNING FROM MR. J. MCGRATH'S *PANASLIPPER* (J. EDDERY UP). *ACROPOLIS*, THE FAVOURITE (THIRD), IS FOLLOWING, WITH *CARDINGTON KING* ON THE RAILS.



THE ROYAL PARTY: (L. TO R.) THE QUEEN, LORD ROSEBERY, CAPTAIN MOORE, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCESS OLGA, AN UNNAMED GUEST, THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCESS MARGARET, AN UNNAMED GUEST, AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

THE QUEEN, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent, with her sister, Princess Olga, and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, and the Princess Royal were at Epsom on May 25. The great race, as recorded on our front page, was won by Mme. Suzy Volterra's *Phil Drake* in an exciting finish from Mr. J. McGrath's *Panaslipper*, a 100 to 1 outsider, which looked as if he had won until a short distance from home, when *Phil Drake* made a remarkable late run and beat him by a length-and-a-half. Before the big race the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal party walked through the paddock to the stables; and after the finish her Majesty received Mme. Volterra, presented her with the cup and congratulated her.

ARRIVING AT EPSOM: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, WEARING A WAISTED COAT AND SMALL HAT.

WEARING A BLUE, WAISTED COAT AND PINK HAT TRIMMED WITH A PEONY: H.M. THE QUEEN.

ANCIENT AND MODERN: CURRENT EXHIBITIONS, A BRITISH MUSEUM ACQUISITION, AND AN IMPORTANT SALE.



PRESERVED IN PEAT IN JUTLAND FOR 2000 YEARS:

THE BODY OF THE GRAUBALLE MAN.

The body of the Tollund man, who had been preserved in peat for about 2000 years, crumbled away after excavation. Mr. Lange-Kornbak, curator of the Aarhus Museum, Denmark, believes, however, that he has found a method of preserving indefinitely the Grauballe body found in the Kedelmoose three years ago. It is believed that this man was sacrificed to the fertility goddess, Nerthus, by having his throat cut. The state of preservation is such that the fingerprints can be taken.



A GOLD ENAMELLED TUDOR HAT-BADGE OF SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND ENGLISH WORKMANSHIP: RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM. This rare and beautiful object (c. 1550) was acquired with the assistance of the National Art-Collections Fund and the Trustees of Henry Christy. It is now exhibited in the King Edward VII. Gallery and shows Christ at Jacob's Well with the Woman of Samaria. The inscription in niello reads: "Of a trewthe thow art the trew Massias." It is 2½ ins. in diameter. It combines Gothic and Renaissance features.



THE BOWES SILVER TEA-KETTLE, MADE BY SIMON PANTIN IN 1724: SHORTLY TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION. The sale by Auction at Christie's of the Bowes silver tea-kettle and tripod stand, the property of A. R. Tritton, Esq., was arranged for June 29. These were made in 1724 by Simon Pantin, the famous Huguenot goldsmith, for George Bowes, whose daughter and sole heir married the 9th Earl of Strathmore.



PROBABLY UNIQUE FOR ITS PERIOD AND COMPLETENESS: THE BOWES SILVER TEA-KETTLE AND TRIPOD. This combination of tea-kettle, stand and lamp, with contemporary tripod table of this period, is probably unique, and it is also perhaps Pantin's most important surviving work.



ON VIEW AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM: SOME OF THE PLATE, GLASS, CHINA AND LINEN USED DAILY BY NELSON ON BOARD H.M.S. VICTORY BEFORE TRAFALGAR.

St. Helier, Oct
Monday Oct 21st 1805
at day light saw the
Enemy (combined fleet)
from East & S.E. bore
away from the Square
for Trafalgar and
therefore for battle the
Enemy with their heads
to the Southward at 7
the Enemy bearing in
the morning. May the Lord
get us in Trafalgar.
Wm. Bent.

My Country and for
the benefit of Europe
in general a great and
German Victory, and my
no misconduct in any
one battle. It and
may humanity after
Victory in the field and
next feature in the
British fleet. For
myself individually
I thank it may my
eternal blessing be upon
it. Amen amen amen

AT A SPECIAL EXHIBITION COMMEMORATING THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH: NELSON'S PRIVATE JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER 21, 1805, AND HIS PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

To commemorate the 150th anniversary of the death of Admiral Lord Nelson, a special exhibition has been arranged of articles not usually shown to the public. "The Little Admiral: An Exhibition of Nelson and his Time" was to open on June 1 in the East Wing of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. Exhibits include manuscripts covering both his Service career and the correspondence he had with his relations and friends. Many of these documents are being shown publicly for the first time. In addition, there are model ships and a selection of the books, engravings and commemorative pieces of china which preserve his fame as well as many other items. This exhibition is to remain open until a date yet to be decided, which will be not earlier than October 21, Trafalgar Day.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of The National Maritime Museum.



AT GREENWICH: THE FIGUREHEAD OF THE CAR USED IN NELSON'S FUNERAL PROCESSION ON JANUARY 9, 1806.



AT HOLLAND'S NATIONAL FAIR: SOME OF THE 1320 SHIPS OF THE DUTCH MERCHANT NAVY WHICH ARE SHOWN IN MODEL FORM IN THE HARBOUR, RHINE AND SEA TRANSPORT SECTION.

A huge 90-acre exhibition, presenting a fascinating picture of what has been achieved in Holland during the ten years since the war, was opened by Queen Juliana of the Netherlands in the heart of Rotterdam on May 18. The exhibition, which is called "E 55" (E for "Energy"), is the biggest to have ever been held in Holland.



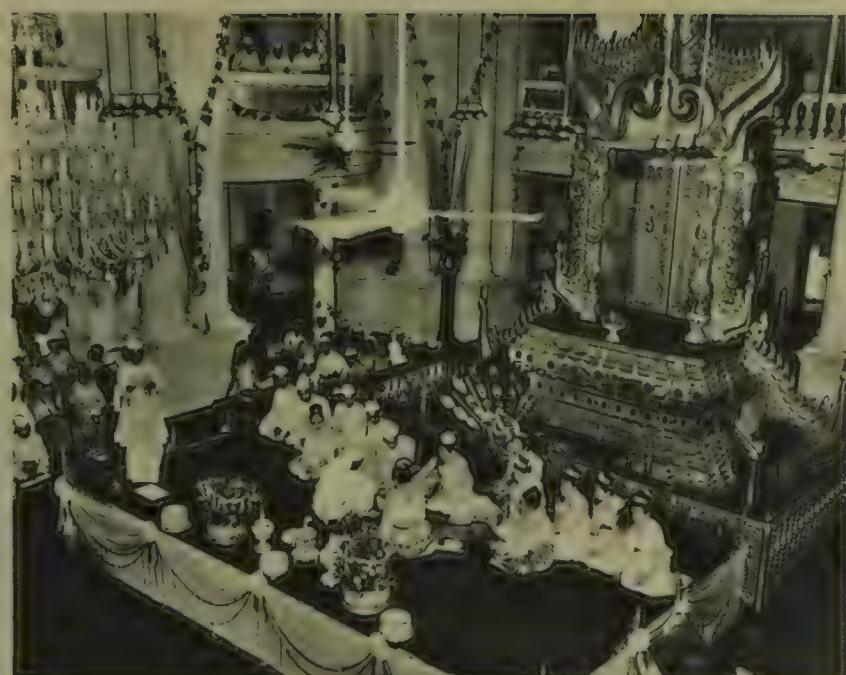
AT HOLLAND'S GREAT "E 55" NATIONAL EXHIBITION IN ROTTERDAM: A MODEL SHOWING THE RECLAMATION OF THE ZUIDER ZEE AS IT IS TO-DAY.

and is described as "the voice of a nation, stricken by war and flood, addressing itself to the world again." Exhibits show the Netherlands from the dinosaur days to a simulated trip to the Ganymede moon of the planet Jupiter. The fair is to remain open until September 3.

NEWS FROM FAR AND WIDE: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF WORLD SCENES AND EVENTS.



AN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT FOR PUERTO RICO: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE FINE NEW AIRPORT AT SAN JUAN. BUILT IN SIX YEARS AT A COST OF \$15,000,000, IT INCLUDES A HOTEL AND A VAST CAR-PARK.



TYING THE TRADITIONAL MATRIMONIAL KNOT OF WHITE CHIFFON: THE BURMESE PREMIER, U NU, OFFICIATING AT A NOTABLE WEDDING CEREMONY IN RANGOON. At a notable wedding in Rangoon on May 19 between Ma Khin Saw U, the daughter of the President of Burma, and Maung Than Aung, the son of a former Burmese Chief Justice, the Prime Minister, U Nu, officiated, and in the photograph above is seen tying, assisted by his wife, the traditional matrimonial knot of white chiffon. The bride and groom are kneeling, with their backs to the Burmese throne. The bridegroom, educated at Cambridge, is a barrister.



CONGRATULATING THE GREEK AIR SQUADRON FROM KOREA: MEMBERS OF THE GREEK GOVERNMENT SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MEN CONCERNED IN A CYPRUS INCIDENT. When forty Greek Air Force officers and other ranks arrived at Nicosia Aerodrome, Cyprus, on May 19 from Korea, they were refused permission to go into Nicosia town, where Turkish youth celebrations were in progress. The Greek Government's strong protest at the ban was subsequently rejected by Britain.



UNVEILING A MEMORIAL AT KOHAT TO MEN OF THE PAKISTAN FRONTIER FORCE WHO DIED IN THE 1939-45 WAR: (LEFT) LT-GEN. NASIR ALI, CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE PAKISTAN ARMY, WITH MAJ-GEN. M. HAYAUDDIN, COMMANDANT OF THE FRONTIER FORCE.



IN THE PERSIAN GULF: MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE U.S. SEAPLANE TENDER *VALOUR* FIGHTING THE FLAMES ON BOARD THE ITALIAN TANKER *ARGEA PRIMA* AFTER SHE HAD BEEN IN COLLISION WITH THE DUTCH TANKER *TABIAN*. THE FLAMES ON THE *ARGEA PRIMA* WERE BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL AND THE *TABIAN* WAS TOWED INTO BAHRÉIN.



ACCLAIMED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC POPULATION: KING BAUDOUIN IN LEOPOLDVILLE, MAKING A SPEECH IN LINGUALA, THE MOST WIDELY-USED DIALECT OF THE REGION. When King Baudouin of the Belgians, who is making a three-weeks tour of the Belgian Congo, arrived in Leopoldville on May 16 he received a great reception from the people, who were particularly delighted when he made a speech in Linguala, the most widely-used dialect of the region. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) King Baudouin, M. Pétilion, Governor-General of the Belgian Congo; Mme. Pétilion and M. Chauvet, the High Commissioner of French Equatorial Africa.

THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR—WHERE EVERY OBJECT IS GUARANTEED.



ABSENT FOR 300 YEARS FROM ENGLAND, WHERE IT WAS MADE, AND NOW "HOME" AGAIN: A "FARTHINGALE" CHAIR OF WALNUT, WITH BACK AND SEAT OF ENGLISH TURKEY WORK. (S. W. Wolsey.)

THE Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition, which was instituted in 1934, is an annual event which has always roused very great interest and has been honoured by the support of members of the Royal family. The fifteenth of these Fairs, of which H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is patron, is due to be opened by Countess Mountbatten of Burma in the Great Hall, Grosvenor House, on June 8, and will continue until June 23. The Fair is unique in that the antiques assembled for sale—objects which range from large pieces of furniture, and sculpture to small jewels, and pieces of porcelain

(Continued opposite.)



AN UNUSUAL PIECE: A CHIPPENDALE ADJUSTABLE SCULPTOR'S MODELLING TABLE IN MAHOGANY, SHOWN WITH A BUST POSED ON IT. (Phillips and Rixson.)

[Continued.]
—are all guaranteed by experts to be authentic of the period to which they are assigned; and that nothing on the stands has been made after the date 1830. This year has always been chosen by the Fair as representing the dividing-line between the handicraft and the mechanical ages. Although many of the objects on the stalls are always of great value and consequently high in price, numerous small yet elegant pieces are also invariably included in the huge selection so that the collector of modest means may well find enviable additions to his treasures at a price he can afford. All the [Continued below, left.]



MADE FOR ELIZABETH DUCHESS OF LAUDERDALE, WHO BECAME VERY HEAVY IN HER OLD AGE: A "SLEEPING CHAYRE" WITH DETACHABLE WINGS. (S. W. Wolsey.)



WITH EMERALD GREEN AND RUST PATINATION: AN EARLY CHINESE BRONZE COOKING VESSEL (TING). FIRST PHASE, UNTIL 900 B.C. (Height, 9 ins.) (John Sparks.)



FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN IN "THE DIRECTOR" (DATED 1753): A CHIPPENDALE SERPENTINE MAHOGANY COMMODE, ORIGINALLY IN LORD TOWNSHEND'S COLLECTION AT RAINHAM HALL. (W. Waddingham.)



BEARING THE MAKER'S MARK "C. B." IN MONOGRAM: A TIGERWARE JUG, LONDON, 1578. (How, of Edinburgh)



A VERY EARLY CHELSEA PIECE: A FINELY MODELLED WHITE OWL PERCHED ON A ROCKY BASE. CIRCA 1750. (Delmolosne and Son.)

[Continued.] objects at the Fair are for sale, with the exception of important loans from members of the Royal family, headed by the Queen, and the Queen Mother, and this year from the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. On these pages we illustrate a number of objects to be shown on various stands. Two of these,



WITH PANELS INLAID WITH SCENES IN VARIOUS WOODS: A SMALL LOUIS XVI. SECRETAIRE À ABATANT. (Height, 3ft. 6 ins.) (W. Waddingham.)



MADE IN 1710; BY JOHN CHARTIER OF LONDON: A QUEEN ANNE BRITANNIA SILVER SHAVING JUG WITH HINGE ATTACHMENT TO COVER SPOUT. (Height, 7 ins.) (Garrard.)

made in this country, have each suffered a long absence from it. The "Farthingale" chair and its pair have returned from a Florentine Palace; and the fine Nottingham alabaster "Madonna and Child," which still bears considerable traces of its original colouring, has come home to its native land after a sojourn abroad.

A SELECTION OF TREASURES
TO BE SEEN FROM JUNE 8.

IN ORMOLU, WOOD AND IVORY: A SPINNING-WHEEL FOR SILK C. 1805-10, STANDING ON A FLAT LEATHER BASE DECORATED WITH GOLD MOTIFS. (Blairman.)



BEARING THE ARMS OF THE EARL OF ROXBURGH AND HIS WIFE: A SILVER-GILT TWO-HANDED CUP AND COVER BY DAVID WILLAUME, 1704. (Garrard.)



ONE OF A SET OF SIX: A REGENCY CHAIR WITH A PAINTING OF A CHINESE SCENE ON THE BACK REST. (Temple Williams.)



(ABOVE.) A STANDISH (INK-STAND) BY J. RUSLEN C. 1680, BEARING THE ARMS OF PULLEYNE, OR PULLEN, OF SCOTTON AND KILLINGHALL. (Weight, 22 ozs. 5 dwts.) (How, of Edinburgh.)



COVERED IN A YELLOW GLAZE DAPPLED WITH AUBERGINE AND GREEN: A PAIR OF CHINESE PORCELAIN EWERS AND COVERS IN THE FORM OF HENS AND CHICKS. K'ANG HSII PERIOD, 1662-1722. (Height, 5 ins.) (John Sparks.)



REPRESENTING GEORGE IV. IN HIS CORONATION ROBES, HOLDING THE SCEPTRE; A RARE ROCKINGHAM PORCELAIN FIGURE. (Blairman.)



BEARING THE ARMS OF CALDECOTE: A SMALL SILVER TANKARD, LONDON, 1656, BY "G. B." (Weight, 16 ozs. 1 dwt.) (How, of Edinburgh.)



ABSENT FROM ENGLAND (WHERE IT WAS MADE) FOR 500 YEARS, AND NOW "HOME" AGAIN: A NOTTINGHAM ALABASTER CARVING OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD. (Height, 3 ft.) (S. W. Wolsey.)

of some 500 years. The "Sleeping Chayre," dating from the time of Charles II., was discovered in the stables of Ham House some years ago and has been carefully restored. It was made for Elizabeth Dysart, Duchess of Lauderdale, who inherited Ham House from her father, Lord Dysart. In old age she became

very heavy, and this chair of carved silvered wood, with swivel castors of *lignum vittæ*, detachable wings and 3-ft.-long arms, was constructed for her. She was the second wife of Charles II.'s Minister, first Duke of Lauderdale, a member of the celebrated cabal—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley and Lauderdale.

CRIME AND CYCLAMENS.

"A TRAIN OF POWDER"; By REBECCA WEST.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"A TRAIN OF POWDER": I suppose that the title, with its menacing premonition of explosion and fire, will seem as vague to other readers as it did to me. In some it may engender gloomy reflections as to all human life being criss-crossed with trains of powder, leading to powder-magazines, and conjectures as to which of them is under survey. To others, with a different sort of prepossession, it may conjure up

who wished to study any particular sphere of human life.

In other words, I think that Miss West has funk'd a fence. She began her career as a penetrating critic of literature, a relentless critic of life, and then, bringing all her faculties to bear, as a novelist. In recent years she has turned (as that former genius, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, turned) into a crime-reporter. She couldn't bear to call her book "Famous Murder Trials," or "In the Dock": that would mean abandoning her status as a woman-of-letters. All the same, for the time being she has become a Crime-Reporter, however garlanded in Cyclamens.

A good reporter she is. The ordinary book about a Murder Trial is chiefly occupied with evidence, and remarks by judge and counsel. Miss West quotes little from any of the speakers. She is mainly occupied with watching the criminals, or possible criminals, in the dock: how they bear themselves, whether they laugh, defy, or go grey. I must confess myself that, unless I am summoned to a jury in a murder-case, I shall certainly try to avoid the sight of a man on the steps of the scaffold: Miss West has fortified herself. She can watch, and she can describe. She

she holds that those monsters shouldn't have been given the chance of facing sudden death bravely. There I differ from her: even the vilest, condemned to die, should be given the chance of recovering some residue of self-respect.

In regard to the German problem Miss West has restarted a lot of hares in my mind. There were the Russian judges trying people for making aggressive war, with the ghosts of 50,000 Finnish boys, and countless Poles, looking over their shoulders with down-turned lips. There were people here who didn't think it was right for the victors to try the vanquished, or where should we be after any future war? Yet justice was done, as Miss West recognizes: the Russians wanted to "Hang the Lot and the More the Better": only the murderers were sent to death.

The odd thing is that the one question lingering in my mind after reading this precise, judicial, searching examination of all sorts of cases is: who murdered Setty? Miss West regards the case as open: or, rather, closed. "Though there were rumours that Hume had made a statement in prison, nobody has been charged with the murder of Mr. Setty; and Scotland Yard has indicated that in its opinion the case is closed. But in our minds it is still open; and the individual members of the various organisations which co-operated to bring Hume to justice find it hard to stop talking it over. The features of the murderer behind Hume are so mysterious. For one thing they are so trustful. It may be that Hume himself never met him face to face, but he knew the identity of his agents, and whether they were Maxie, The Boy, and Greenie, or anybody else, they left a trail which could have been followed back by Hume

himself or the police. Who was the man who could devise a cunning and intricate murder, that but for the whimsical pull of the moon on certain tides would have gone for ever undetected, and confided the execution of it to a flying man who could only by a miracle have performed the flying essential to the plan, and who habitually gossiped and lied and boasted? Nobody could do anything so mad. But somebody had done it; and the behaviour of the witnesses was to give, before the case slipped down into the depths of memory, evidence that no course of action is so mad that some human being will not adopt it."

The "course of action" may have been mad. But somebody cut



THE FIRST HONORARY FELLOW OF THE PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVING HIS DIPLOMA FROM MR. ERIC BROCKLEHURST, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.
On May 23 the Duke of Edinburgh was present at an evening reception held by the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain at the Royal Institute of British Architects in Portland Place, London. The Duke, who accepted the first Honorary Fellowship of the Society, afterwards inspected an exhibition organised to show the contribution made by the pharmaceutical industry to medical science.

visions of processions led through the corridors of Versailles by Marie Antoinette or the Pompadour. On her title Miss West quotes a sentence out of the apocalyptic Donne: "Our God is not out of breath, because he hath blown one tempest, and swallowed a Navy: our God hath not burnt out his eyes, because he hath looked upon a Train of Powder." The first part of this sentence may be localised: it was said of the Spanish Armada, and I think struck on a medal, "He blew with his Winds and They were Scattered." The second part may, I suppose, have reference to the Guy Fawkes Plot. But what is the deduction? Merely, I take it, that calamities are not things over and done with, and that humanity, for all its dreams of peace and love, must continue to brace itself to face the worst and survive it.

What has all that to do with Miss West's book? Nothing, so far as I can see. It contains a series of chapters about the Nuremberg Trials, at which she was present, with a keen eye, scrutinizing the judges, the guardian American police, and the prisoners in the dock, and about later visits to Germany. These chapters are given the general title of: "Greenhouse with Cyclamens"—the title deriving from a German gardener, who persistently worked among the ruins of a Schloss, growing flowers to sell to the conquerors—a symbol of German laboriousness and determination to keep going. But, mixed up with those chapters, are chapters about a lynching trial in the Southern States, the murder of Sidney Setty (originally Sulman Setti) and about the trial of a poor, limp English radiotelegraphist who had been in our Embassy in Moscow and was then tempted to sell secrets (possibly valueless) to a Secretary in the Russian Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens. Powder, Everywhere, but very little Train. Hume, who dropped parts of Setty's body over an Essex estuary (knowing nothing about Spring Tides), was at one time a man masquerading in Air-Pilot's uniform, so connected with the war. Marshall, the incompetent spy, was, conceitedly, trying to pull his weight in International Politics. But it is a forced connection which Miss West tries to make between them. I suppose that you might write a general history of the human race and call it "In the Soup": but I don't think it would help anybody



RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF LÜBECK ON THE OCCASION OF HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY. MR. THOMAS MANN SIGNING THE GOLDEN BOOK DURING THE CEREMONY IN LÜBECK TOWN HALL.
On the occasion of his eightieth birthday, Mr. Thomas Mann, the novelist, received the freedom of Lübeck, where he was born on June 6, 1875. The ceremony was held in the Town Hall at Lübeck on May 20. Mr. Mann, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929, left Germany as a refugee in 1933 and went to Switzerland, and then, in 1938, to the United States. He is the author of a considerable number of novels, plays and essays, a good many of which have been translated into English, including "Buddenbrooks"; "The Magic Mountain"; "Doctor Faustus" and "The Black Swan."

can tell that when an American Sergeant was given the job of hanging the convicted criminals at Nuremberg he was not so expert as an English hangman: Ribbentrop, according to her report, wriggled for twenty minutes before he expired. Rather the same thing happened to the suitors in the Odyssey when Odysseus came back. Miss West admits that shooting by a firing-squad would have been an easier death. But

Setty up, as though he were butcher's meat, and took a thousand pounds in notes from him at least: he was in the motor-car racket. And in all probability, that somebody is still, affable and with a cigar, walking about the streets of London.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1028 of this issue.



MISS REBECCA WEST, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Miss Rebecca West (Mrs. Henry Maxwell Andrews) was born in 1892 and educated at George Watson's Ladies' College, Edinburgh. She is a novelist, poet, critic, historian and political commentator. As well as being a contributor to many leading English and American newspapers her publications include: "Henry James"; "St. Augustine"; "The Thinking Reed" and "The Meaning of Treason."

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN ENGLAND AND GERMANY, AND OTHER TOPICAL ITEMS.



(ABOVE.) VISITING AN INFANT WELFARE CENTRE : H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER WATCHING SOME OF THE CHILDREN PLAYING WITH BUCKETS AND SAND.

On May 24 the Duchess of Gloucester visited the Violet Melchett Infant Welfare Centre in Chelsea, London. Her Royal Highness, who has been patroness of the centre since the death of H.M. Queen Mary, spent about an hour-and-a-half visiting the various departments, including the mothercraft home and nursery training college, and was greatly interested in the various aspects of the valuable work carried out at the centre.



ARRIVING AT HARDING BARRACKS, WUPPERTAL, TO GIVE NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST BATTALION, THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT : PRINCESS MARGARET ON HER SEVEN-HOUR GERMAN VISIT. On May 23 Princess Margaret paid a seven-hour visit to Germany to present new Colours to the 1st Battalion. The Suffolk Regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, at Wuppertal. She was met at Wahn Airport by the British Ambassador, representatives of President Heuss and the Federal Government, and British officers. Her stay was originally meant to be of three days, but a typhoid epidemic in the Hagen district prevented her from visiting the 3rd Hussars at Iserlohn.



(RIGHT.) LAUNCHED AND NAMED BY PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE : THE FRIGATE LEOPARD ENTERING THE WATER AT PORTSMOUTH ON MAY 23, A DAY OF BRILLIANT SUNSHINE.

The frigate *Leopard* (about 2000 tons) was launched on May 23 by Princess Marie Louise, and was the first ship to be built on the building slipway at Portsmouth Dockyard since 1942. The ceremony, which took place in brilliant sunshine, was attended by Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Creasy and Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards, Third Sea Lord, and was watched by a large crowd. *Leopard* is designed as a multi-purpose warship, mounting heavy anti-aircraft and anti-submarine weapons and is intended primarily for convoy protection.



(LEFT.) HIGH MASS CELEBRATED IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL ON THE CENTENARY OF THE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND OF THE DE LA SALLE BROTHERS : CARDINAL GRIFFIN KNEELING BEFORE A PORTRAIT OF THE FOUNDER OF THE ORDER.

(RIGHT.) THE FIRST MAJOR ADDITION TO EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY SINCE THE WAR : ADAM HOUSE, CHAMBERS STREET, OPENED BY SIR EDWARD APPLETON ON MAY 18.

Sir Edward Appleton, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University, opened Adam House. Primarily intended as an examination hall, it also provides space for exhibitions and social functions and contains a modern theatre. The architect, Mr. W. H. Kininmonth, has retained the Adam tradition in his façade design.



DURING our generally decorous General Election my mind has gone back to two belonging to the past, neither of which could be called decorous. In each case I had an intimate connection with events in a remote constituency by virtue of my relationship to candidates. The most curious feature of the issue in both these contests was that it had so little to do with the main currents of political opinion in the electorate at large. As for the first of them, there must by now be few people outside Ireland who have any notion what determined the result, or why this should have been in such strong contrast to that of the General Election as a whole. The second was a rather simpler affair, but even here I think it would puzzle most experts to account for the fact that voting has been so very different in that part of the world ever since. It was all an open book to me, though, in the first case, I was still a schoolboy.

In the year 1906 feelings ran high. If the main issue was that of Free Trade *versus* Protection, the result was probably more affected by the fact that the swing of the pendulum had been so long delayed. The Conservatives had won two General Elections in succession, and the country had grown bored with them. Both the great parties had suffered from splits in their ranks, but the Liberals had patched up their differences on Irish Home Rule and Imperial policy better than the Conservatives had theirs on tariff policy. It was certain from the first that the Liberals would win a great victory, though no one foresaw how overwhelming it would be. It was a rowdy General Election, but I do not imagine that was because people were by habit rowdier then than now. I put it down rather to the fact that they took their politics more seriously. Yet they had no radio or television to bring personalities home to them.

The small constituency of North Fermanagh was not thinking about tariffs or the fact that the Conservatives had had so long a spell. It was thinking about a few hundred votes, chiefly Nonconformist, and how they would be cast. The state of affairs was that no Nationalist could hope to be elected for North Fermanagh. A Unionist—one may say any Unionist—would always beat him. The majority would be only in hundreds, but there would be no surprises. Everyone would vote, even if he had to be carried in on a stretcher. If he were on a business tour in Finland, he would still return to vote. One could count the majority in advance to within about a score, sometimes less. The floating vote, of which we have lately heard so much, was very small in my home shire. And yet, as I shall show, a whole party vote could be transferred.

There existed in Ulster in those days a small party with the title of Liberal, though it differed from the general run of the Liberal Party in Great Britain. There would be no point in its putting up a candidate in North Fermanagh if a Nationalist stood, and if it did not put up a candidate the great majority of its votes would go to the Unionist, with a certain number of abstentions. Then the restless and well-schooled political brain of its leader, Mr. T. W. Russell, found a solution: put up a candidate after reaching an understanding with the Nationalists that they would not do so, and let them know that, if elected, the "Russellite" would support measures with at least a Nationalist flavour and vote for a Home Rule Bill if the Liberals came in. He knew that if the deal went through the Nationalist vote, under strong party discipline, would be 99 per cent. It worked. At a by-election the Russellites won the seat.

The problem which faced my godfather, Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, a Dublin barrister and heir to an estate in County Mayo, was to prevent a recurrence of such an event by winning enough Russellite votes. He naturally devoted part of his speeches to general politics, but, young as I was, I realised that his instructed local supporters sighed with relief when these passages ended. They did not affect the issue. There was little to go on. Those who were being wooed were dour and non-committal. It looked as though things were going well, but we could not be sure. The Unionist platform and the canvassers concentrated on the handful who counted. At last the great day came—and Fetherstonhaugh was in comfortably. In Great Britain the Liberal flood surged over the Conservatives and obliterated them. The papers, in

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MEMORIES OF ULSTER GENERAL ELECTIONS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

their innocence, recorded in North Fermanagh "Unionist gain from Liberals."

The General Election of 1924 concerned me even more closely, because, on this occasion, my father was a candidate. The circumstances were very different. The First World War and the "troubles" had taken place in the interval. Ireland had been divided, with Governments in Dublin and Belfast. In place of the tiny constituency of North Fermanagh there was a large constituency of Tyrone and Fermanagh, which returned two Members to Westminster. The general situation was that the previous Parliament had lasted only ten months, of which it had been working only eight-and-a-half. Liberals and Labour had proved uneasy bedfellows, and Labour was now talking of a Liberal plot to let the Tories back. It seemed likely that there would be a sweeping change, perhaps almost as devastating for the Liberal Party

SEALS FOR THE NEW REIGN.



DESIGNED FOR THE REIGN OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE NEW SEAL OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER SHOWS ON ONE SIDE THE EQUESTRIAN FIGURE OF THE QUEEN, SURROUNDED BY AN INSRIPTION OF THE ROYAL STYLE AND TITLES IN LATIN, AND ON THE OTHER SIDE THE ROYAL ARMS WITH THE LEGEND SIGILLUM SCACCARI DOMINA REGINA ("SEAL OF THE EXCHEQUER OF OUR LADY THE QUEEN"). IT WAS DESIGNED BY MR. GILBERT LEDWARD, R.A.



BEARING THE COMBINED ROSE, THISTLE AND SHAMROCK, CROWNED AND SUPPORTED BY A LION AND A UNICORN, TOGETHER WITH THE ROYAL STYLE AND TITLES IN LATIN: AN IMPRESSION FROM THE SINGLE-SIDED SEAL FOR THE PRIVY COUNCIL OFFICE. IT WAS DESIGNED BY MR. W. M. GARDNER, A.R.C.A.



A MODEL FROM WHICH THE NEW SEALS FOR THE SECRETARIES OF STATE WERE PREPARED. DESIGNED BY MR. W. M. GARDNER, IT CONSISTS OF AN ARRANGEMENT OF THE SHIELD OF THE ROYAL ARMS, CROWNED AND SURROUNDED BY THE GARTER, TOGETHER WITH THE ROYAL STYLE AND TITLES IN LATIN.

By Order in Council dated June 24, 1952, the Deputy Master of the Royal Mint was instructed to prepare a series of seals for the new reign. Work on the new coinage had to take priority over work on the seals, but they are now completed. The Seal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (top left and right) is thought to be a lineal descendant of a duplicate of the Great Seal, kept by the Lord Chancellor from the twelfth century onwards. The new seal, designed by Mr. Ledward, is nowadays in the custody of the Queen's Remembrancer. The Seal for the Privy Council Office (bottom left) was first instituted in 1555; it is single-sided. The Seals for the Secretaries of State (bottom right), also single-sided, probably originated during the reign of Edward II. (1307-1327).

as 1906 had been for the Conservative, but again there was not much connection between national and local politics. The one item which did involve both was the question of the boundary of Northern Ireland with the Free State—and Fermanagh and Tyrone were "marginal" counties which might be taken away from Northern Ireland or at least dismembered.

This time I was far from the scene but following events closely. In the electorate of Tyrone and Fermanagh there was a large Nationalist majority. On the face of it, my father and his fellow-candidate, Mr. J. A. Pringle, K.C., had not the slightest chance. There was, however, a factor even more important than that of the Russellite vote in 1906. Since then the Sinn Fein Party had won over the vast majority of those who had previously called themselves Nationalists, and virtually all the young who had recently become old enough to exercise the franchise. The old Nationalist Party had been reduced to a shadow of its former self. How, it may be asked, did this affect the prospects? Well, Sinn Fein did not recognise the settlement, or the Government of Northern Ireland, or the boundary. And, as a demonstration, Sinn Fein proposed not to vote. Of

course, one could not be sure that all its followers would obey this ruling and, in any case, affiliations were in some cases loose. But the decision altered the situation.

The Unionists were not going to miss their chance. If a large proportion of their political opponents refused to go to the poll it was not for my father and Mr. Pringle to say that their election would be a little

unrealistic. After all, it was the votes that counted. And as the General Election grew nearer it became more and more probable that Sinn Fein would abstain from voting. By polling date, October 29, it seemed virtually certain. But no chances were taken. Every Unionist was urged to vote and make sure, not that in these two counties they needed much urging. I need not point out that the over-all result was a Conservative victory on a vast scale, a crushing blow for the Liberal Party, though Labour had no cause to be dissatisfied with the way in which it survived the landslide.

In Tyrone and Fermanagh Sinn Fein did, in fact, abstain. My father and Mr. Pringle were elected by a thumping majority. The electorate had been greatly expanded, so that the voting strength was now very large, and it was not as easy to estimate how things would go as had formerly been the case. I well remember that the Tyrone and Fermanagh majority was looked upon as sensational at the time, though it was exceeded just afterwards by another Unionist majority in Northern Ireland.

My father realised that nothing of the sort was likely to happen again, and that Sinn Fein would probably vote next time even if its candidates, when elected, refused to take their seats. His parliamentary experience would, in that event, be limited. However, he was by then over sixty and did not expect a long parliamentary career. For the time being he was well pleased to be in.

All this seemed natural and logical to me, who had been born and bred in the atmosphere. I do not wonder, however, as I look back upon it after long residence in England—though I remain Irish to the core—that the Saxon found these episodes puzzling, so far as they claimed his attention amid the noise and bustle of a General Election. They are perfect examples of the influence of local politics. This influence is to be found to-day, but it has surely grown weaker. And when I write the words "noise and bustle," I think of another change. How much more noise and bustle there was in 1906 and in 1924 than now! The radio and television may bring the politician before the public with greater effect, but they also provide counter-attractions. And the great meetings in the biggest halls in the country, though the speakers were heard by relatively few people, were like stones dropped into water. Ring after ring spread right over the pond.

The candidates and their staffs had to work hard in the days of which I have written. So do those of to-day, but with less discomfort. I well remember sitting with immense pride beside my godfather in 1906 on an Irish outside car on the way to a meeting. We were three-a-side, the collars of our mackintoshes turned up against the rain, our legs protected by leather

rugs. In the opposite direction came another car carrying the opposing candidate and his suite, similarly arrayed. As we passed each other the two candidates waved greetings and the Russellite called amiably: "We're after knockin' hell out of ye this day!" Six or seven miles to a meeting does not sound much of a distance now, but over muddy roads, behind a horse drawing seven heavily-dressed men, it seemed long enough, especially the last few miles to home, when the horse was more tired than we were.

I happen to be one of those who take their politics just as seriously as I ever did, and there may be a majority of my generation in the same case. The younger generation seems to me to show less interest in them, whether at elections or between them. But I may be wrong. Although, as I have said, I was not in Ireland during the second of the two General Elections of which I have written, all my political impressions were formed there, and they may play tricks with my memories of the English electoral scene. Ireland has certainly always taken her politics, of whatever brand, seriously indeed. She will continue to do so while there remain issues which establish deep roots in minds and hearts.

FIREWORKS GRAVE AND GAY, HELICOPTERS, AND THE OAKS WINNER.



FIREWORKS FOR FUN : A BRILLIANT PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY NEAR THE ALEXANDRE III. BRIDGE IN PARIS DURING THE CELEBRATIONS OF THE GRANDE NUIT DE PARIS ON MAY 22 . . .



(ABOVE) . . . AND PYROTECHNICS WITH A PURPOSE: A U.S. MILITARY DISPLAY OF FIRE-POWER AT FORT BENNING, GEORGIA, IN WHICH THE NIGHT FIRING OF INFANTRY WEAPONS AND A SIMULATED ATOM-BOMB BURST PRODUCE AN EFFECT OF BEAUTY.



(ABOVE.) THE HELICOPTER WHICH CAUSED THE DEATH OF A.V.-M. SIR F. MELLERSH AND LIEUT.-CDR. W. BARING LYING IN SHALLOW WATER AFTER THE CRASH.

On May 25 Lieut.-Cdr. Baring had just been brought to Itchenor, near Chichester, in a naval helicopter and had just landed on a sailing club jetty and been met by his friend A.V.-M. Sir F. Mellersh, when the rotors of the helicopter struck the mast of a dinghy and swung out of control. Both friends were killed by the rotors, but the pilot of the helicopter scrambled out of the crashed aircraft uninjured.

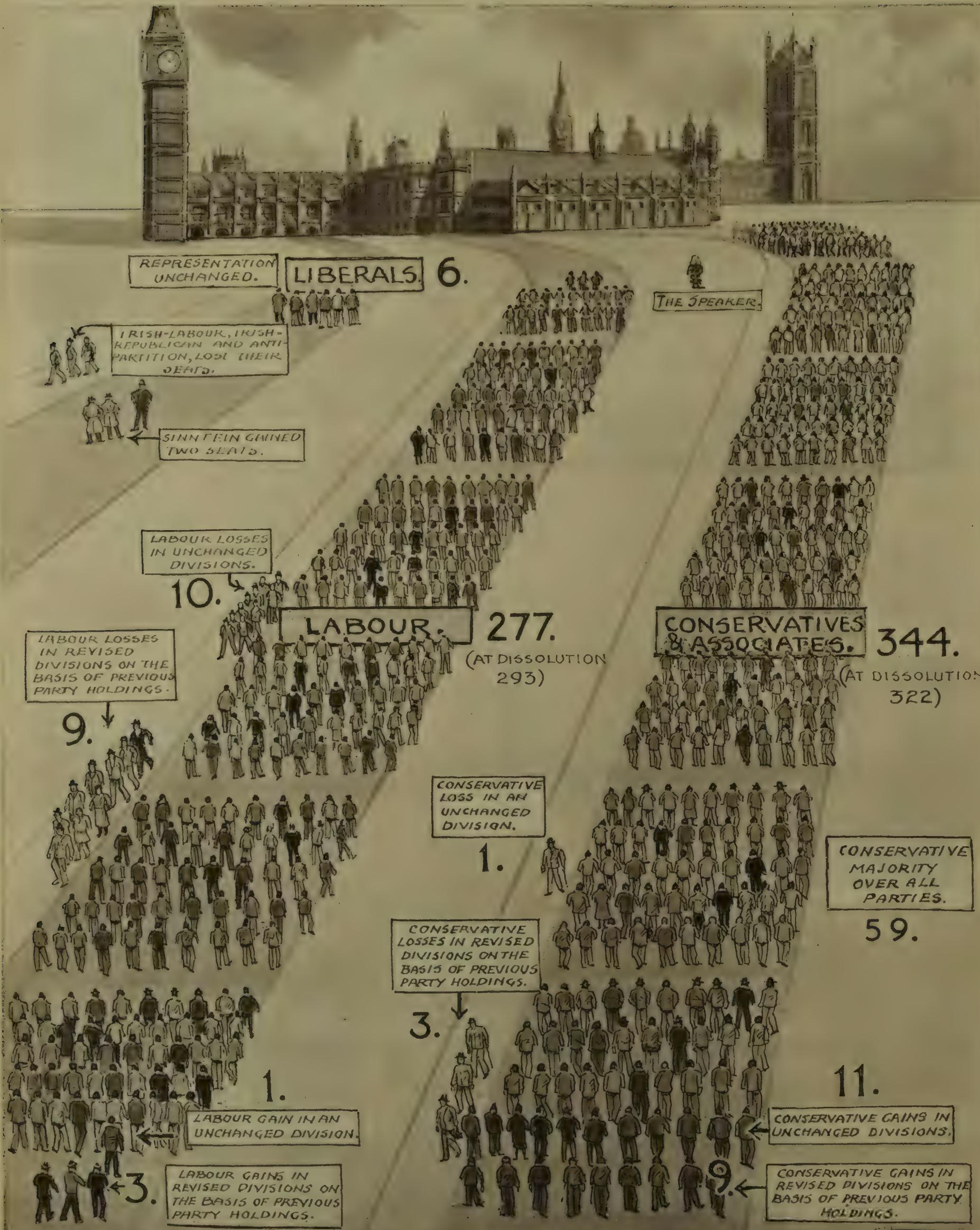


SELF-DELIVERY : A BRISTOL SYCAMORE HELICOPTER FLOWN DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY TO BRISTOL FOR EXPORT. This Bristol Sycamore helicopter was flown direct from the Bristol works at Filton on May 24, to the dockside at Avonmouth, Bristol, to be loaded aboard the liner Gloucester City for export to Canada. It was believed to be the first time that an aircraft has been flown direct from the factory to the dockside for export.



(RIGHT.) LEADING IN THE OAKS WINNER AT EPSOM : LADY ZIA WERNHER WITH HER FILLY MELD, WITH W. H. CARR IN THE SADDLE.

Lady Zia Wernher's *Meld*, the favourite, which won the 1000 Guineas at Newmarket in April, completed a Classic double when she won the Oaks at Epsom on May 27, beating *Ark Royal* by six lengths, with *Reel In* a further three lengths away, third. The race was watched by the Queen and members of the Royal family.





MR. DUNCAN SANDYS.

Re-elected Conservative Member for the Streatham Division of Wandsworth, with a majority of 12,268. Minister of Housing and Local Government in the last Government.



MR. I. N. MACLEOD.

Re-elected Conservative Member for Enfield West, with a majority of 11,518, an increase over his 1951 majority. Minister of Health in the last Government.



MAJOR G. LLOYD-GEORGE.

Re-elected as Liberal and Conservative Member for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, North, with a majority of 10,933. Home Secretary and Minister for Welsh Affairs in the last Government.



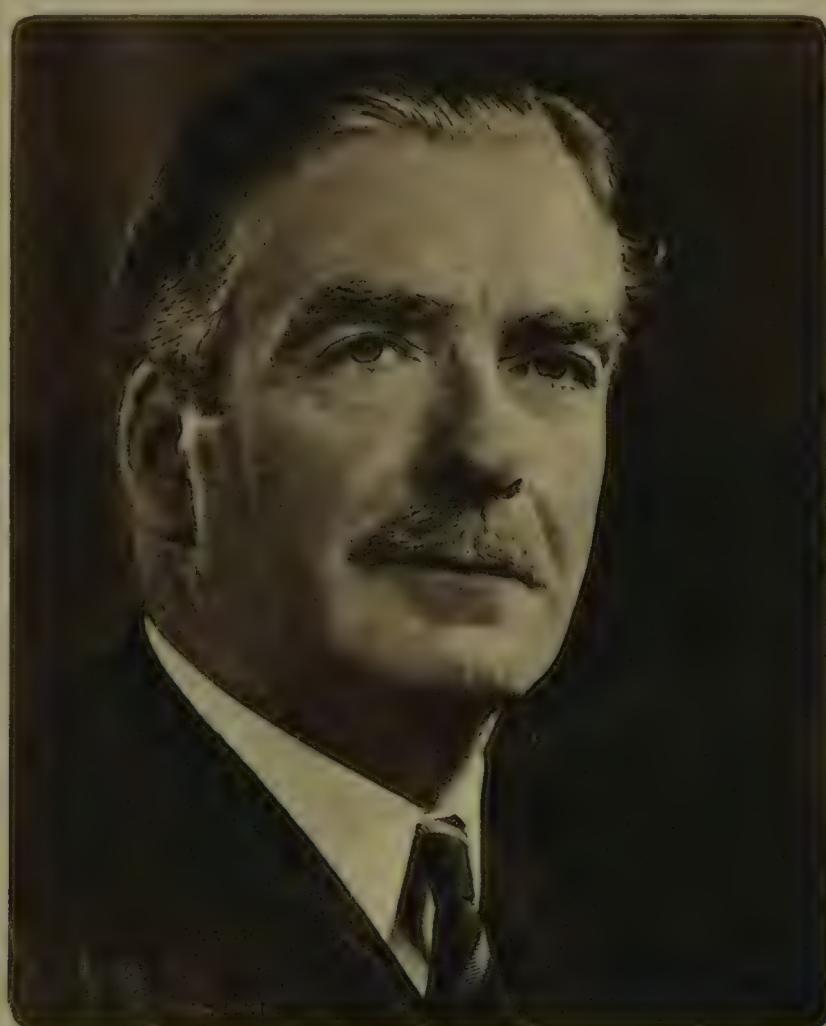
MR. D. HEATHCOAT-AMORY.

Re-elected Conservative Member for the Tiverton Division of Devonshire, with a majority of 10,424. Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries in the last Government.



BRIGADIER ANTHONY HEAD.

Re-elected Conservative Member for the Carshalton Division of Surrey, with a majority of 11,505. Secretary for War in the last Government.



SIR ANTHONY EDEN, PRIME MINISTER IN THE LAST GOVERNMENT, WAS ELECTED AS THE CONSERVATIVE MEMBER FOR WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON, WITH A MAJORITY OF 13,466 OVER HIS LABOUR OPPONENT, AN INCREASE OF 3663. UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP, THE CONSERVATIVES NOW HAVE A COMFORTABLE PARLIAMENTARY MAJORITY. (Photograph by Karsh.)



SIR DAVID ECCLES.

Re-elected Conservative Member for Chippenham, Wilts, with a majority of 6,695. Minister of Education in the last Government.



MR. J. A. BOYD-CARPENTER.

Re-elected Conservative Member for Kingston, with a majority of 14,965. Minister for Transport and Civil Aviation, 1954-55.



MR. OSBERT PEAKE.

Re-elected Conservative Member for North Leeds, with a majority of 9,279. Minister of Pensions and National Insurance in the last Government.



MR. SELWYN LLOYD.

Re-elected Conservative Member for Wirral, with a majority of 17,051. Minister of Supply in the last Government.



MR. R. A. BUTLER.

Re-elected Conservative Member for Saffron Walden, with a majority of 6,418. Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last Government.



MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN.

Re-elected Conservative Member for Bromley, with a majority of 13,139. Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the last Government.



SIR WALTER MONCKTON.

Re-elected Conservative Member for Bristol West, with a majority of 22,001. Minister of Labour in the last Government.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN; AND LEADING MEMBERS OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, WHO HELD OFFICE IN THE LAST GOVERNMENT AND WERE RETURNED TO WESTMINSTER IN THE GENERAL ELECTION OF MAY 26.

At about 11 a.m. on May 27, the day after the poll, the Conservatives took the lead in the election, and by mid-afternoon it was clear that they and their allies had obtained the comfortable majority in Parliament for which they had campaigned. The results showed a remarkable uniformity in the trend towards the Conservatives in nearly every division and in the total number of votes cast throughout the country, which revealed that the Conservatives had achieved an overall poll exceeding that of the Labour Party by almost a million: this

was a notable diversion from the trend of the 1951 election, in which, although the Conservatives secured a small working majority, the total number of Labour voters exceeded Conservative by over 200,000. These features, combined with the unsensational and thoughtful way in which the election was held, seem to indicate that the policy of the previous Government has been endorsed by the majority of the electorate. Above are some of the Ministers in the previous Government who have been returned in the present election.



HOW MILLIONS OF PEOPLE SAW THE ELECTION RESULTS IN THEIR HOMES: THE SCENE AT LIME GROVE DURING THE MOST AMBITIOUS PROGRAMME EVER UNDERTAKEN BY THE B.B.C. TELEVISION SERVICE.

The B.B.C. Television Service covered the General Election results in the most ambitious programme they have ever undertaken. Thirty-seven studios and sixteen more than were used during the Coronation brought the results to millions of viewers all over the country, and outside broadcasts from some eighteen centres in England, Scotland and Wales showed election scenes and declarations of poll. At the time of the last General Election in October 1951, the number of current television licences was 100,000, whereas on May 20 this number had risen to over 4,500,000. At 9.30 p.m. on polling day Mr. Richard Dimbleby introduced the studio team of expert analysts. Mr. David Butler, author of "The British

General Election 1951," Mr. Robert McKenzie, author of "British Political Parties," and Mr. E. R. Thompson, the B.B.C.'s Parliamentary Correspondent. From then on there was no respite until 5 a.m., the results were down the moment they came through and were analysed by the experts. The same procedure was followed again at 6 a.m. and continued throughout the greater part of the day. A few comments, received by telephone, to the effect that the experts were showing political bias, were summarily disposed of by Mr. Butler, who described himself as "a professional neutral." Seven statisticians, six men and one woman, all of whom are pupils of Mr. Butler at the Nuffield Research College, collected the results as they came

in, compared them with those of the last election, and worked out the percentage of "swing" at the rate of one result every twenty to twenty-five seconds. So amazingly quickly did they work that their speed was greater than that of the electoral commission of the last election, which was responsible for the assessment of the results. The whole of this great television undertaking was produced by Mrs. Grace Wyndham Goldie, B.B.C. Assistant Head of Television Talks, who controlled the cameras in Studios D and E at Lime Grove. Altogether between 500 and 600 people worked together to ensure the success of the transmission, which recorded 100 per cent. reception throughout the country without

a single breakdown. The speed with which the results were shown to the watching millions can be gauged from the fact that at one stage viewers had the results an hour ahead of broadcast time. On these pages special artist, Bryan de Grineau, has depicted his impression of the scene at Lime Grove during the transmission, with Mr. Dimbleby, the master of ceremonies, seated at the table with Mr. D. Butler on his left, and next to him some of the expert analysts. The map of the British Isles showed the outside broadcast points, and the other map, behind the table (right), showed the London boroughs. The first of the 357 overnight results to be declared was Cheltenham's, which was seen by viewers at 10.07 p.m.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AT LIME GROVE BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

★ N.B.—Owing to the Railways Strike, the size of this issue has had to be reduced and these two pages bear extra page-numbers.

HIGHLIGHTS OF A SPLENDID CHELSEA SHOW: OUTSTANDING EXHIBITS, SOME GOLD MEDAL DISPLAYS, AND OTHER INTERESTING ASPECTS.



PREPARING A STRIKING EXHIBIT OF CACTI AND SUCCULENTS WHICH WON A GOLD MEDAL: THE WORFIELD GARDENS STAND, WITH ITS TOWERING CEREUS.



"THE QUEEN ELIZABETH ROSE," A PINK GRANDIFLORA WHICH ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION AND WAS SHOWN, NOTABLY, BY WHEATCROFT BROS.



BEFORE THE GENERAL PUBLIC WERE ADMITTED: FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY THRONGING "SUNDRIES AVENUE" AT CHELSEA, ON THE AFTERNOON OF MAY 24.



ONE OF THE FORMAL GARDENS WHICH WON GOLD MEDALS: THE EXHIBIT OF RALPH HANCOCK AND SON, WITH ITS PLEASING SHELTER AND DISCREET USE OF STONE AND WATER.



PELARGONIUMS, BOTH ZONAL AND REGAL, ARE INCREASING IN FAVOUR; AND THIS FINE STAND BY WILLIAM WOOD AND SON, WON A GOLD MEDAL.



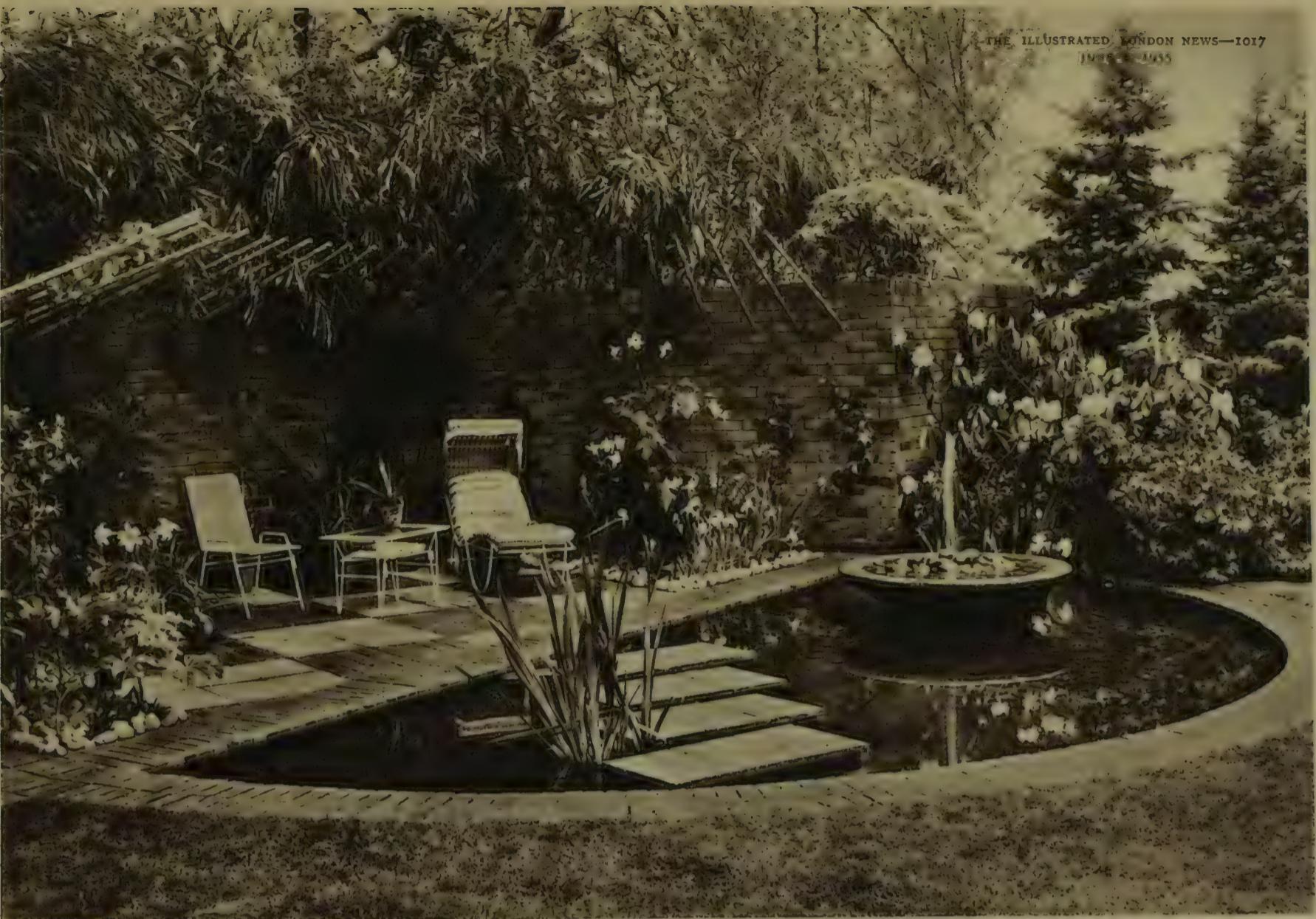
THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES EXHIBIT, STOCKED WITH GIFT PLANTS AND INCORPORATING FRUIT TREES, A SMALL SALAD PLOT, AND HERBS.



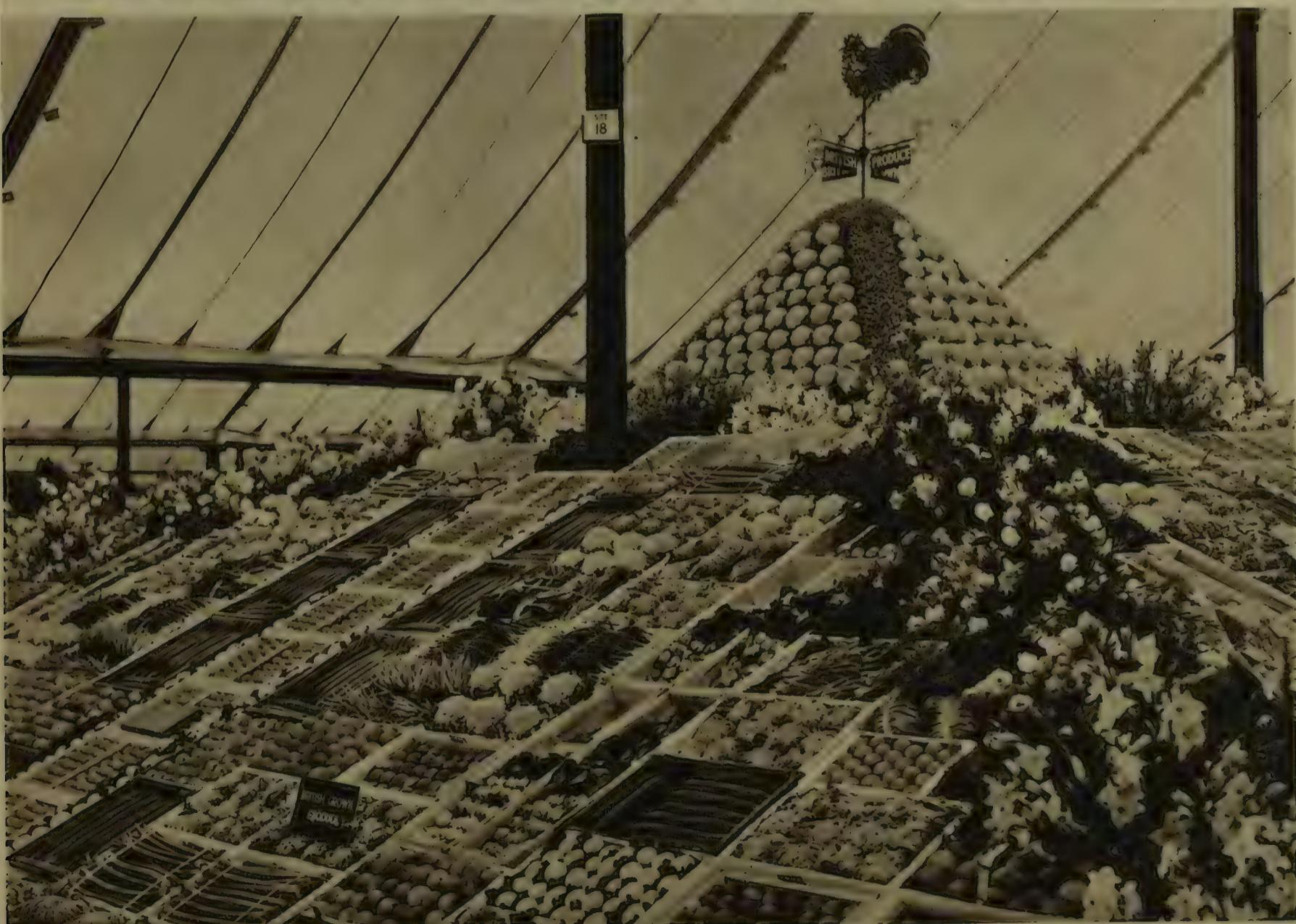
ONE OF THE BEST ROCK GARDENS EVER STAGED AT CHELSEA: THE GOLD MEDAL EXHIBIT OF GEORGE G. WHITELEGG, WITH DELIGHTFULLY SOUNDING WATERFALLS.

We show here a few aspects of the 1955 Chelsea Show of the Royal Horticultural Society—a Show which, despite the bad spring, has rarely been exceeded for beauty and magnificence. The outdoor exhibits were fewer than usual. There were, for example, only three rock gardens; but one of these, Mr. Whitelegg's (which we illustrate), was of outstanding beauty, both as regards general design and planting, and its waterfalls had a most pleasing sound. Of the formal gardens, that of R. Wallace and Co. was outstanding in its combination of modern and traditional

elements. In view of the number of gardens which are near the sea, its use of water-worn cobbles was particularly interesting, especially in the basin of the fountain, where they gleamed in the water and enriched the sound of the water's fall. Within the huge marquee—"the world's largest tent"—there was so much of beauty and interest and magnificence, that it is only possible here to give random notes. The scientific exhibits, flowers of Nepal and of Kenya, were extremely interesting; foliage and stove plants were very striking, especially in the Liverpool Corporation



THE MOST STRIKING FORMAL GARDEN, WHICH CLEVERLY COMBINED GARDEN PEACE AND MODERN ELEMENTS : THE GOLD MEDAL EXHIBIT OF R. WALLACE AND CO.



A GOLD MEDAL EXHIBIT : THE NATIONAL FARMERS' UNION'S PYRAMID OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLES FOR MARKET, CROWNED WITH A LIVELY COCKEREL OF ASSORTED VEGETABLES.

exhibit ; there were some notable exhibits from Holland, including gladioli shown of copper and bronze vessels by Konyenburg and Mark ; roses, orchids and tulips in fantastic beauty ; the Wisley exhibit ; and the N.F.U. fruit-and-vegetables-for-market stand with its weathercock of a cockerel, feathered with cucumbers,

beans and radishes, with onion eyes, cauliflower breast, carrot beak and tomato plumage ; and a number of stands of carnations, pinks and other dianthus, among which, in view of Mr. Elliott's remarks last week, it was interesting to see gigantic perpetual Malmaison hybrids.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



CHELSEA 1955. As far as I am concerned, is over, although at the time that I write this, May 25, the Show had three days to run. I enjoyed exploring the great exhibition during its earlier stages, and then, as a sort of combined Press-man and committee-man, I enjoyed a privileged preview on the Tuesday morning when Royalty were there, and the Chelsea Iron Curtain had descended, to exclude all but the judges, the Press, some of the principal exhibitors, and a few odds and ends of other V.I.P.s. But even after such advantages of leisure and freedom from congested crowds, how can one begin to describe the splendours and beauties of this greatest flower show on earth? I won't attempt it. The first of all Chelseas, in 1913, was like its predecessors, the Temple Flower Shows, only more so, and every Chelsea since the first one has been like its predecessor—only more so. I will leave it at that—only adding that the organisation of the Show was masterly—and then go on to give a few general impressions, and to tell of some of the exhibits and individual plants which pleased, interested or amused me.

The floral decorations by Mrs. Constance Spry, in a sort of open-fronted room, are one of the first exhibits which I always stop to study and admire on entering the Show, and always there are several neighbour exhibits of floral decorations to admire—or not. But although it interests me to look at this sort of floral art, I don't want to do more than look at it. Much of it seems to me too studied and sumptuous for normal home use. The best of it seems to demand a setting of a Chatsworth or Blenheim calibre, the less good, the foyer of some super-ritzy restaurant. But not for the world would I miss, at any rate, Mrs. Spry's Chelsea creations. The first exhibit that struck me on entering the great four-acre marquee was Dickson's roses, magnificently grown, and superbly displayed, so that each variety had a pleasant allowance of elbow-room in which to show its individual characteristics. In this matter of elbow-room I felt that the gorgeous flower exhibits from the big seed firms fell down badly. The exhibits of vegetables from these same firms are always splendidly staged, each dish or pyramid of each variety stands out, so that one can admire the form, colour and quality of every individual onion, carrot, radish, cucumber or "spud." But the flower groups from the same folk gave the impression that van-load after van-load of superbly cultivated pot-grown specimens in full flower had arrived on the scene, and that having been grown and transported, it would be just too bad not to get them all into the exhibit somehow. There they stood, packed into carpets, mounds and pyramids, without an inch of breathing-space, clotted masses of unrelieved colour, and in some cases the colours clashing hideously. Terrific, but not beautiful. What a blessing if one of these seed firms would break with tradition, bring half the quantity of calceolarias, schizanthus, cinerarias and the rest, or less than half, and give each specimen space enough to show its own grace and habit, instead of serving as a mere dab of paint in one vast, congested daub of colour. If one firm would make the experiment, it is probable that others would soon follow suit, greatly to the benefit of the charm of Chelsea.

Full-scale rock gardens had fallen away to three this year, and of these only one was up to Chelsea standard—Whitelegg's. This was an excellent example of simple rock-building in water-worn Westmorland limestone, with a stream, waterfalls, pool and turf. Making allowances for exhibition conditions, it would be a pleasant rock garden on which to enjoy growing Alpine and rock plants in wide variety. On Messrs. Ingwersen's table rock garden in the big tent I noticed a plant which I had not seen for many years, *Trifolium uniflorum*, which, in effect, is an absolutely prostrate mat-forming clover, with a mass of pink clover blossoms sitting stemless among the carpet of tiny shamrock leaves. Introduced from Syria over 150 years ago, it can not be classed as

CHELSEA 1955.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

a new plant. But it's a rare one and a charmer for connoisseurs of the small and quietly pretty.

Whilst the Floral Committee was adjudicating on new plants, H.M. the Queen came into the committee tent with the President, and examined with great interest a group of plants near the entrance—a collection of wild plants, collected in flower by the Kenya Horticultural Society. They had been flown over, and had arrived that morning in wonderfully good condition. And a most interesting lot of plants they were.

Another fascinating exhibit was a collection of plants collected in Nepal, and raised and grown at Wisley. The interest of this exhibit was greatly enhanced by a map showing the country from which the plants came, and a number of very fine photographs showing the progress of the expeditions which secured the seeds. Perhaps the most beautiful plant shown from this source was *Corydalis cashmeriana*, an exquisite 6-in. Alpine plant with lettuce-green, fern-like

cold greenhouse relation *P. priceii*—the same large, exotic-looking flowers, but instead of being pale Cattleya pink they are a lively, warm deep pink. If *P. yunnanense*

will grow as easily in an unheated greenhouse as *P. priceii* it will be a valuable plant indeed—especially for the Alpine house. I was glad to meet Sutton's *Venidio-arctotis* "Triumph" hybrids again, especially as the firm had had the wisdom to show both growing plants and cut blossoms in the same exhibit, thus giving a clear idea of the race's potentialities. And what splendid flowers they are, like rather solid, yet graceful gerberas, with blossoms in endless shades and tones of pale, tawny, and old gold, copper, and coppery crimson, and every subtle variation on that colour theme.

Three varieties of flag iris caught my eye, with great emphasis on Waterer's exhibit. "Joan Phillips," an exceptionally lovely lavender-blue, with large, well-formed flowers of great substance; "Fire Cracker," a rich gold, with the edges of its petals flecked with a chocolate stippling; "Zantha," a big fellow in pure rich gold. The interest in geraniums, or, to be correct, in pelargoniums, both the large-flowered regal varieties and the smaller flowered, more perpetual flowering zonal geraniums, including the typical "scarlet geraniums," is obviously gaining rapidly in strength. There were more "trade" exhibits of both than I have ever seen at Chelsea, and that great amateur exhibitor, Mr. Maurice Mason, put up a big, comprehensive and extremely interesting exhibit which included 55 original species of pelargonium and 190 hybrid forms and varieties. But I must confess that fond of and interested as I am in pelargoniums, the Chelsea exhibits of them left me disappointed, especially with the zonal varieties. I think one reason for this was that there were so many downright poor and ugly varieties. Folk have been collecting "geraniums" during recent years, and many "discoveries" of lost or almost lost varieties have acquired quite unmerited values, purely on "antique" and rarity grounds. I saw a whole lot of these absurdities, especially among the doubles—a double white, for instance, with no more beauty of form, colour or texture than a sheet of newspaper screwed up into a ball for throwing into the waste-paper basket—which was truly the proper place for that shocking geranium.

In my last article, "Chelsea; Looking Back," I referred to the old Malmaison carnations, now almost lost, and wondered how long it would be before someone "discovered" them, and so started a vogue for these old favourites. At Chelsea this week I asked my friend Monty Allwood about them. He tells me that he has been working on them, and has evolved a strain which breeds true from seed, and on one of his exhibits I came upon a group of his seedling perpetual Malmaisons.

Although I do not grow orchids, except a few of the hardy outdoor species, I can not resist looking at the orchid exhibits at Chelsea, and enjoying them in utter ignorance. I admire the great graceful sprays of cymbidiums, and would like to take just one as a room decoration. I like, too, to view the more voluptuous cattleyas, rather as an urchin might gloat at the window of some super-lush confectioner, but with no greedy envy on my part. Lastly, I like to seek out the smaller, stranger orchid species, usually segregated low down beneath the towering cymbidiums. For sheer grotesquerie and comic relief, these smaller species are irresistible. They do not grow like ordinary plants and flowers. They crouch, or skulk, or posturise in one way or another; they look like insects, toads, unfledged hedge-sparrows, or the practical jokes of some gremlin. I found an unusually absurd selection of such delights at Chelsea, and, incidentally, among the orchid exhibits, I thought that from Messrs. Sanders, of St. Albans, exceptionally well-staged. Plenty of space, and the plants growing as one might almost expect to see them in their native forests.



ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SINGLE PLANTS SHOWN AT CHELSEA: *CORYDALIS CASHMERICANA*, "AN EXQUISITE 6-IN. ALPINE PLANT WITH LETTUCE-GREEN, FERN-LIKE LEAVES AND HEADS OF BLOSSOM OF A MARVELLOUSLY VIVID TURQUOISE BLUE."

This plant was shown in the exhibit staged by the R.H.S. Gardens at Wisley in the scientific section at Chelsea, to illustrate plants collected in Nepal. A specimen of the same plant, shown by Major and Mrs. Knox Finlay, received a First Class Certificate.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

leaves and heads of blossom of a marvellously vivid turquoise blue. A specimen of this same species, shown by Major and Mrs. Knox Finlay, received a First-Class Certificate. I have grown this lovely *Corydalis* in the past, and have lost it, too. In fact, it is not a reliably easy thing to grow, though in some soils and districts it is willing to flourish without any special fuss or bother.

Pleione yunnanense, shown by Major F. C. Stern, received an Award of Merit, an orchid very like its

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE NEW CHIEF OF U.S. NAVAL OPERATIONS : REAR-ADMIRAL BURKE.
It was announced on May 25 that President Eisenhower had nominated Rear-Admiral Arleigh Burke to succeed Admiral Carney as Chief of Naval Operations. Rear-Admiral Burke, who is fifty-three, was a destroyer commander in the recent war, and now commands the Atlantic Fleet Destroyer Force. He assumes his new post on Aug. 16 with the rank of Admiral.



THE RETIRING U.S. NAVY CHIEF : ADMIRAL CARNEY.
Admiral Carney's term of office as U.S. Chief of Naval Operations has not been extended, and he will therefore retire in August. In announcing this, President Eisenhower paid tribute to Admiral Carney as one of the most distinguished officers in the history of the United States Navy. The Admiral reached the normal retiring age of sixty last March.



DIED AGED NINETY-THREE : MAJOR-GEN. SIR JOHN CAPPER.
Major-General Sir John Capper, who played an important part in aeronautical development before 1914, and took part in the first flight over London by a military airship in 1907 with Colonel Cody and others, died on May 17, aged ninety-three. He joined the Royal Engineers in 1880 and became the first Colonel Commandant of the Royal Tank Corps in 1923, holding office until 1934.



NEW HYDROGRAPHER OF THE NAVY : CAPTAIN COLLINS, R.N.
Captain K. St. B. Collins, who succeeds Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Day, qualified for hydrographic duties in 1925. He has commanded the survey ships *Scott*, *Dampier*, *Cook* and *Vidal*, and between his periods of survey work at sea he has served on the staff of the Hydrographer of the Navy and as Assistant Hydrographer, 1953-54. He entered the Royal Navy as a Dartmouth cadet in 1918.



KILLED BY A HELICOPTER : AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR F. MELLERSH.
Killed accidentally by a helicopter which crashed at Itchenor on May 25. Air Vice-Marshal Mellersh joined the Royal Naval Air Service in 1916, and transferred to the R.A.F. two years later. He was A.O.C., Malaya, from 1949-51, and until his retirement last year was Commandant-General of the R.A.F. Regiment, and Inspector of Ground Combat Training.



NEW MASTER OF WELLINGTON : MR. G. H. STAINFORTH.
The Governors of Wellington College announced on May 19 that Mr. Stainforth has been appointed Master, succeeding Mr. H. W. House, who is to retire in September. Mr. Stainforth, aged forty-eight, is at present headmaster of Oundle School. He returns to Wellington as the first Old Wellingtonian Master; the school's centenary falls in 1959.



UNSEATED IN THE ELECTION : MR. MICHAEL FOOT.
One of the most exciting of the election contests was fought in the Devonport Division of Plymouth, where the previous Member, Mr. Michael Foot, Labour, was defeated by his Conservative National Liberal opponent, Miss Joan Vickers, by a majority of only 100, announced after a recount. At the last election Mr. Foot's majority was 2390.



THE OPENING OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND ON MAY 25 : THE RETIRING MODERATOR PLACING THE RING OF OFFICE ON THE HAND OF THE NEW MODERATOR.

The Duke of Hamilton, Lord High Commissioner, representing the Queen, opened the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh on May 25. Our photograph shows the retiring Moderator, the Rt. Rev. Professor E. D. Jarvis, placing the ring of office on the hand of his successor, the Rt. Rev. Professor G. D. Henderson. A letter from her Majesty was read to the General Assembly in which she referred to the contribution the Church of Scotland is making towards the promotion of a better understanding in world affairs.



THE COSTA RICAN ENVOY : SENORA DE GALLEGOS.
Her Excellency Senora Dona Virginia Prestinary de Gallegos, the new envoy from Costa Rica, was received in audience by the Queen on May 26 to present her credentials. She is the first woman Minister sent abroad by a Central American Republic and, except for Mme. Pandit, the first woman Minister representing a foreign country in England.



A FAMOUS RACING MOTORIST KILLED : SIGNOR ASCARI.
Only a few days after narrowly escaping death when his Lancia crashed into the sea during the Monte Carlo Grand Prix, Alberto Ascari, the famous racing driver, was killed while trying a friend's Ferrari, which overturned at Monza on May 26. A former world champion and winner of most premier racing contests, Signor Ascari was thirty-six.



SENIOR OFFICERS FROM THE NATIONAL DEFENCE COLLEGE OF CANADA, IN SCOTLAND : MEMBERS OF THE PARTY, LED BY MAJOR-GENERAL J. D. B. SMITH, THE COMMANDANT.
Our group shows (l. to r.): Mr. M. Rewinkel (U.S. Department of State, Foreign Service); Colonel H. A. Phillips (Canadian Army); Mr. G. E. McDowell (Department of Transport); Commodore D. W. Piers (Royal Canadian Navy); Major-General J. D. B. Smith (Canadian Army; Commandant of the College); Mr. N. McBain (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation); Captain P. J. Wyatt, R.N., and Group Captain S. G. Cowan, R.C.A.F. Members of the party were entertained by the Lord High Commissioner and saw aspects of Scottish industry; and were received by the Lords Provost of Edinburgh and of Glasgow.



REPRESENTING THE TEAMS ENGAGED IN THE FOUR-COUNTRIES ANGLING CONTEST ON LOCH LEVEN, KINROSS-SHIRE : THE FOUR CAPTAINS BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.
The International Four-Countries Angling Contest held on Loch Leven, Kinross-shire, was won by the Scottish team on May 21. They caught ninety trout, weighing 89 lb. 8½ ozs. England was second, Wales third and Ireland fourth. The best individual catch was achieved by Mr. S. Miller, of Scotland, who secured thirteen trout weighing 12½ lb. The captains of the four teams, shown above being photographed after the contest, are (l. to r.): Mr. J. Harper (Scotland), Mr. J. S. Shaw (England), Mr. N. Hewetson (Ireland), and Mr. A. R. Wilson (Wales).



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ONE needs luck to see a queen wasp actually start to build her nest. We had the next best thing, we saw the construction in its early stages. The wasp had chosen a spot on the wooden ceiling in a gipsy wagon. When we first saw it the foundations of the next consisted of three parts. There was a short stem, splaying out into root-like processes adhering to the ceiling, the whole less than a quarter of an inch long. The lower end of the stem expanded into an inverted saucer, about half-an-inch in diameter across the rim. From the centre of the saucer hung down a pair of small trumpet-shaped pieces. The wasp returned, settled around these central pieces, her body in a horizontal position, and slowly revolved round them. It was extremely difficult to see what she was doing, except that her jaws were working at the edge of the saucer as she revolved.

At this time of the year it is not uncommon to see the queen wasp on an old wooden post diligently biting at the wood, scraping its fibres with her jaws. Mixed with saliva and worked into a pulp, these form the raw materials for the paper of which the nest is made. By any standards, the collection and preparation



"INDEED, LOOKED AT AS A WORK OF ART IT COMPELS OUR ATTENTION, IF NOTHING MORE": THE TEXTURE AND PATTERN OF A WASP'S NEST SEEN IN AN ENLARGED VIEW OF PART OF THE DELICATE BUT DURABLE STRUCTURE.

of the raw materials must represent a tremendous labour, for although the nest of a tree wasp in its early stages is little larger than a golf ball, it consists of three almost complete spheres, one inside the other. The total surface area must therefore be not less than 6 ins. square. It is always risky, often misleading, to make comparisons between animal and human activities. If we say, therefore, that such a wasp nest would be the equivalent of a paper cover for a tennis court made by a man chewing wood into paper for his raw materials, at least we can suggest the diligence and persistence required in its production.

It is not the labour of collecting materials, however, which compels our admiration. It is the skill which produces a piece of work so beautiful and fragile, but nevertheless strong and durable. Indeed, looked at as a work of art it compels our attention, if nothing more.

Having had the good fortune to see the work in its very early stages, we kept watch on its further progress. The sequence can be given briefly in the form of a diary. We first saw the queen at work on a Friday mid-day. By the Saturday afternoon the saucer had been extended and there now hung from the ceiling a beautiful vase with a small circular opening at its lower end. Its length was about 2 ins. and its diameter about 1½ ins. The wall of the vase was of the thickness of a firm tissue paper, and the whole was beautifully symmetrical. A day later, on the Sunday afternoon, another vase, surrounding the first one, had been partially completed, so that only the lower end of the inner vase was visible. By Monday evening the outer vase was complete, the inner one no longer visible. To compensate for the added weight on it, the supporting stem had been strengthened by the addition of more paper.

It was a tedious business trying to catch the wasp at work, for her absences in search of more material were lengthy. When she was back and at work on the nest, the best that could be seen was that she was slowly moving along the free margin of the uncompleted vase, her jaws working all the time. More experienced

A QUEEN WASP'S ARTISTRY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

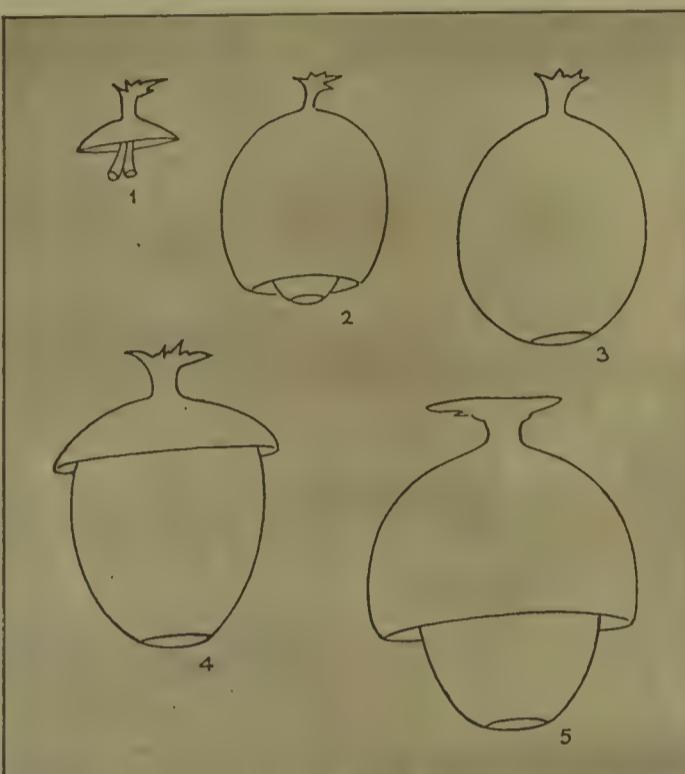
observers tell us that the wood fibre, after being worked into the so-called wasp paper, is added in a ribbon to the free edge. This much can also be assumed by the growth lines on the surface. How much of the prepared material was carried at a time, exactly how it was laid down, and how the bulk of the material is carried while the ribbon is being laid down were things I could not discover, and such books as I could consult were silent on these points.

From the Monday evening onwards, the progress of the work slowed up perceptibly. By Tuesday evening there was a further saucer added, representing the beginnings of a third vase. The supporting stalk had also been thickened. And by Wednesday evening the saucer had been extended downwards into an incomplete vase, enclosing some three-quarters of the second vase. The stalk had meanwhile been thickened and its base extended into a plate adhering to the ceiling. That is the condition in which the nest now remains. Nothing has been seen of the queen wasp for a week. Whether she has succumbed to an accident or whether the unusually cold weather has inhibited her working I cannot at this moment say.

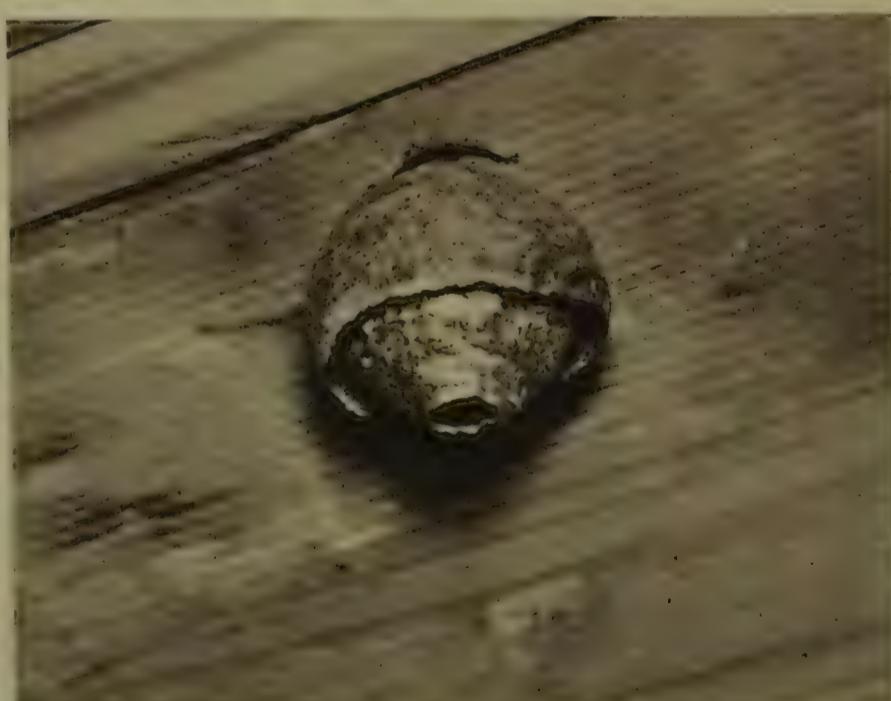
Assuming that the queen has not died of cold or starvation she will lay her eggs in the two trumpet-shaped cells already mentioned, and will have fashioned another four to six other such cells. The grubs hatching from these will, when they have changed into adult workers, take over the work of the colony. They will enlarge the nest until it is the size of a small football, equipping it with more and more cells. As they take over, the queen will devote her energies to egg-laying, leaving the successive generations of workers to maintain and service the nest as well as to feed the increasing number of grubs. In due course, in a successful season, the colony may produce five to six hundred wasps.

The position of this nest is a little unusual, the normal site being the branch of a tree, especially a conifer. However, this queen wasp may be forgiven her straying from the accustomed path, for at least she has slung her nest to a wooden substratum in a

As I watched this wasp at work I realised that all her actions represented the unfolding of an inherited pattern of behaviour. All queen wasps of this species will, at this time of year, be making the same kind of nest in the same way of the same materials and constructed on the same plan. They do not need to learn any part of the work; their performance does not improve with experience. Each step follows naturally on the previous one. The whole process is the result



STAGES IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF A TREE WASP'S NEST: (1) THE INITIAL STAGES; (2) 48 HOURS LATER; (3) 72 HOURS LATER; (4) 4 DAYS LATER; (5) THE INCOMPLETE STATE REACHED IN 5 DAYS, IN WHICH THE NEST HAS NOW BEEN LEFT.



ON THE WOODEN CEILING IN A GIPSY CARAVAN: A TREE WASP'S NEST, SHOWING THE SECOND ENVELOPE INCOMPLETELY COVERED BY A THIRD. THE POINT OF ATTACHMENT HAS BY NOW BEEN EXTENDED TO FORM A BASAL PLATE. THE WASP ENTERS THE NEST BY THE OPENING AT THE LOWER END. [Photograph by Neave Parker.]

sheltered position. If anything, it looks like wise judgment on her part, except that we do not credit bees with such a sense of discrimination. We must, at all costs, refrain in these enlightened days from referring to a wasp's intelligence. But are we wholly correct in so doing?

of what was formerly called blind instinct and now preferably to be described as an innate pattern of behaviour. Moreover, this same blind instinct—or whatever one chooses to call it—enables the first generation of worker wasps to take up the work where the queen has left it and continue it according to the plan upon which she began it. The whole thing is so unlike the intelligent behaviour enjoyed by us that we may not speak of a wasp's behaviour in the same terms.

So I sat and watched the nest grow; and I reflected on the genesis of this exquisite piece of work. I set aside the idea of chewing a mass of wood fibre to make a paper cover for a tennis court and concentrated on the nest in front of me. People can make things like that. You and I can make them. We can do so in one of two ways. Either we can spend a lifetime learning by our mistakes, rejecting our failures and starting afresh until the desired goal is reached; the other way is to receive instruction in the art. The time needed for learning can then be much reduced. We can be taught the best materials to use, how best to prepare them and what tools are needed to model them. We shall be taught by easy stages, making first a simple prototype, then one a little more difficult, and so on, until we can produce the same model that I had watched the queen wasp make. We are able to do all these things because we have a greater brain capacity, have learned the use of tools and can communicate ideas by means of articulate speech. Above all, we possess this attribute, so rare in the rest of the living world, of intelligence.

We may call the wasp's actions an innate pattern of behaviour, or blind instinct, or we can describe it by any other combination of words we choose. None of these does more than mask our ignorance of the ultimate source of these actions. And unless we look upon them as the expression of another form of intelligence we merely deceive ourselves and mask our ignorance with trite phrases. To say the least, the results of this blind instinct seem to arise from a source having the pattern of an intelligent behaviour.

THE SHY, SOMBRE, CASSOWARY—IN THE NORTHERN QUEENSLAND JUNGLES.



WHILE AN ABORIGINE WOMAN OF EASTERN CAPE YORK PREPARES FOOD, A CASSOWARY CHICK—ONE OF THE FEW PETS KEPT BY ABORIGINES—PICKS UP THE SCRAPS THAT FALL BY THE WAY.



A CASSOWARY CHICK, NEWLY-HATCHED. THE EGGS ARE A DELICATE STONE-GREEN, PALER THAN THE EMU'S.

IN our issue of July 24, 1954, some remarkable photographs of the emu by Dr. Donald F. Thomson, O.B.E., Ph.D., D.Sc., were reproduced. Of Australia's other flightless bird, Dr. Thomson writes: "It is a very different bird from the emu. It is a shy, sombre bird, a recluse, a bird that shuns the bright sunlight of the open bushland and seeks refuge in the gloom of the deepest recesses of the jungle. The emu ranges over the whole Continent of Australia, but the cassowary is found only in a small area of North-Eastern Queensland. The explanation for this is, no doubt, that the cassowary reached Australia from New Guinea via Torres Straits by an old landbridge, or by way of a chain of islands, entering through the gateway of Cape York Peninsula, and that since its arrival in Australia it has not been able to extend its range because true tropical rainforest is restricted to far North-Eastern Queensland, with the exception of a few isolated patches along rivers and such favoured places. New Guinea, with its dark, humid jungles and high rainfall, is the real stronghold of the cassowary and several species occur there, while Australia has only

[Continued opposite.]



A HALF-GROWN CASSOWARY IN ITS JUNGLE HABITAT IN NORTHERN QUEENSLAND. THE LEGS ARE POWERFUL AND THE JUVENILE COLORATION HAS GONE. IN STRONG SUNLIGHT THE EYE BECOMES MILKY AND BLINDNESS MAY FOLLOW.

Continued.] one.... The cassowary was well equipped for survival in Australia until the introduction of European pigs, which have now run wild, and find refuge in the restricted area of jungle that forms the cassowary's stronghold, and threaten to exterminate the cassowary by eating its eggs, and so reducing its rate of breeding to danger level.... When a brood is attacked, the attendant male makes off ostentatiously, thereby drawing attention to himself and leaving his brood to disperse and crouch low in concealment. The cassowary is hunted by the natives of Cape York Peninsula with dogs and spears in the dense gloom of the deep jungle. A full-grown cassowary, though not as tall as the emu, is, however, a thicker, heavier and much more formidable bird. It frequently kills dogs, causing severe injuries by blows from its powerful legs, as well as with the long, hard and razor-sharp claw of its great central toe. In New Guinea this sharp, hard nail is used by the natives for the tipping of big ceremonial and fighting spears."

Photographs by Dr. Donald F. Thomson, O.B.E., Ph.D., D.Sc. Copyright in Great Britain and the U.S.A.



A CASSOWARY CHICK, ADOPTED BY CAPE YORK ABORIGINES AND CALLED BY THEM YO-U-I, SWIMMING STRONGLY IN A RIVER. CASSOWARIES LOVE WATER.

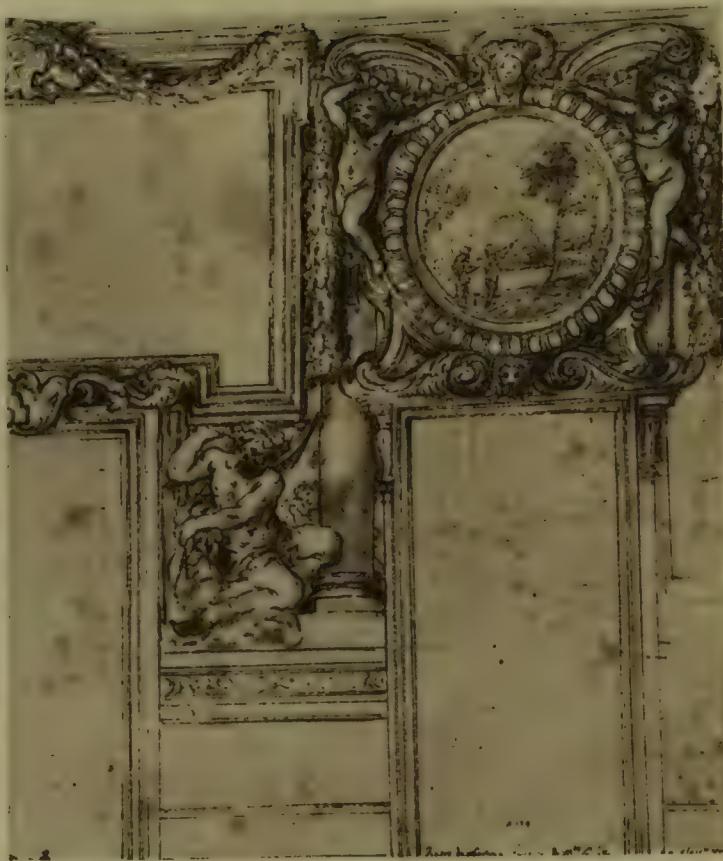


THE PET CASSOWARY CHICK YO-U-I, STANDING BESIDE WATER. EVEN AS A BABY CHICK THE CASSOWARY LOVES WATER AND SWIMS READILY AND WELL.

DRAWINGS BY "ARTISTS IN 17TH-CENTURY ROME":
FROM A CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION.



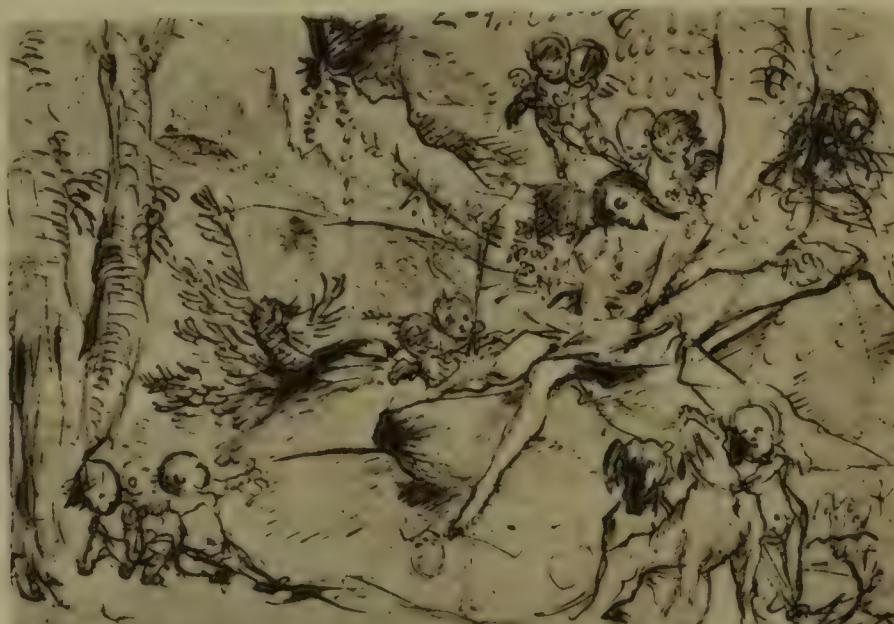
"VIEW OF THE VILLA ALDOBANDINI, FRASCATI"; BY ISRAEL SILVESTERE (1621-1691). (Coloured wash over pencil; 9 by 13 ins.) (Courtauld Institute; Witt Collection.)



"DESIGN FOR DECORATION" (FOR THE GALLERIA IN THE QUIRINAL PALACE); BY PIETRO BERRETTINI DA CORTONA (1596-1669). (Pen and wash; 12½ by 10½ ins.) (Christ Church, Oxford.)



"FEMALE FIGURE HOLDING THE PAPAL TIARA"; BY PIETRO BERRETTINI DA CORTONA (1596-1669), WHO PAINTED THE FAMOUS DECORATION ON THE CEILING OF THE GRAND SALOON, PALAZZO BARBERINI. (Black and red chalk; 8½ by 11 ins.) (The Earl of Harewood.)



"A MYTHOLOGICAL SUBJECT"; BY PIETRO TESTA, CALLED IL LUCCHESINO (1617-1650), PAINTER AND ENGRAVER; DROWNED IN THE TIBER. (Pen and wash; 7½ by 9½ ins.) (Mr. Paul Oppé.)



"DETAIL FROM TRAJAN'S COLUMN"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665), THE GREAT FRENCH PAINTER WHO SPENT MUCH OF HIS LIFE IN ROME. (Black lead and brown wash; 10½ by 15½ ins.) (Mr. Paul Oppé.)



"DANCE OF HUMAN LIFE"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665), WHO WAS IN ROME FROM 1624-1639; AND FROM 1642 TILL HIS DEATH. (Pen and bistre wash; 5½ by 7½ ins.) (Mr. C. L. Loyd.)

A Loan Exhibition, "Artists in 17th-Century Rome," was due to open on June 1 at the Wildenstein Galleries, in New Bond Street. Arranged in aid of the Gostfield Hall Appeal, under the auspices of the Women's Adjustment Board and Wayfarers' Trust, the plan of the collection of paintings and drawings on view is explained by Mr. Denys Sutton in a scholarly introduction to the catalogue. He writes: "The aim of this exhibition is to suggest some of the artistic currents that existed in Rome between the 1590's and the 1660's. . . . The increased artistic activity in the 1590's occurred at a moment when, after the prodigious contributions of Raphael and Michelangelo, the high tide of the Renaissance had receded and the

ingenious proliferations of late Mannerism were proving an artistic *cult-de-sac*. When all seemed spent, however, new growths were actually taking root and fresh buds springing into flower." He continues by pointing out that the threat to the Catholic Church constituted by the Reformation provided a further spur to artistic endeavour, for the Church called on artists to "infuse the tenets of dogma with a new, vitality and supply fresh interpretations of the familiar iconography" of Catholicism. Thus, the native Italian and foreign artists working in Rome in this period are linked together by the "magnetic spell" of the city and yet their achievements are excitingly varied.

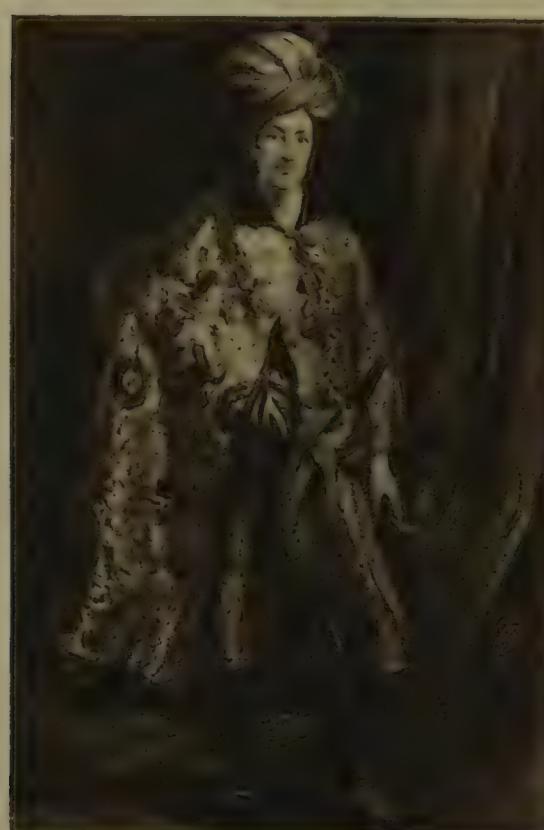
ROME—17TH-CENTURY MAGNET FOR ITALIAN AND FOREIGN PAINTERS.



"A SCENE FROM THE CAMPO VACCINO"; BY PAULUS BRIL (c. 1556-1625), BROTHER OF MATHYS BRIL, WHOM HE JOINED IN ROME. SIGNED P. BRIL. (Copper; 16 by 22½ ins.) (Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH A FLOCK OF GOATS IN THE FOREGROUND"; BY PAULUS BRIL (c. 1556-1625), DECORATOR OF THE SALA CLEMENTINA. SIGNED PAV BRIL. (Canvas; 18½ by 27½ ins.) (Private Collection; Rome.)



"PORTRAIT OF SIR ROBERT SHIRLEY" (1581?-1628), ENVOY IN THE SERVICE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (Canvas; 79 by 52½ ins.) (Mr. John Wyndham.)



"MARGHERITA GONZAGA"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640), WHO WAS SENT TO ROME IN 1601, AND IN 1605-1608, BY VINCENZO GONZAGA, DUKE OF MILAN. (Canvas; 25½ by 20½ ins.) (Dr. Ludwig Burchard.)



"PORTRAIT OF LADY SHIRLEY," WIFE OF SIR ROBERT SHIRLEY AND DAUGHTER OF ISMAEL KHAN, A CIRCASSIAN OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (Canvas; 79 by 52½ ins.) (Mr. John Wyndham.)



"SCENE FROM PEASANT LIFE, WITH A COUPLE DANCING THE TARANTELLA"; BY MICHELANGELO CERQUOZZI (1602-1660). (Canvas; 19½ by 26½ ins.) (City of Rome; Pinacoteca Capitolina.)

The atmosphere of Rome between the 1590's and the 1660's was immensely stimulating for the numerous artists—native Italians and representatives of many other European countries—who assembled and worked there at the period. The variety and splendour of the paintings and drawings they produced is illustrated in the "Artists in 17th-Century Rome" Loan Exhibition at Wildenstein's New Bond Street Galleries, organised in aid of the Gosfield Hall Appeal, which was due to open on June 1 and is to continue until July 16. Mr. Denys Sutton, writing



"FIGURES IN THE FORUM ROMANUM"; BY ANDRIES BOTH (1609-1644) AND HIS BROTHER JAN (1610-1662). SIGNED BOTH. (Canvas; 26½ by 32½ ins.) (Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.)

in the introduction to the catalogue, points out that at that time Rome was a magnet to which "came tourists and pilgrims, converts and spies, collectors and diplomats, so that alongside the official image of the age we must set the more domestic details; Sir Robert and Lady Shirley in their Persian habits, the theatrical performances in the Piazza Navona, and the market scenes in the *piazze* and the Campo Vaccino"; and on this and the facing page we reproduce exhibits from the display, which admirably illustrate these words.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

MORE ABOUT ORMOLU.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IT is odd how one can go about for years and years behaving like a tram rather than a bus, jolting along in a predestined groove and taking no interest in what happens down the side-streets; there are even men who have been known to work for half a century a hundred yards from St. Paul's without ever stepping inside. I have, I think, been no less incurious when I have come across various odds and ends of ormolu, just taking them for granted as an agreeable French fashion which never really caught on in England, though Matthew Boulton did some good work in this craft at one time and another.

Writing recently, however, about some rather nice pieces of eighteenth-century French furniture, I did venture to draw attention to certain small details of decoration, notably the plaques, toes, and so forth, made of cast and chased ormolu—that is, of gilt bronze. These were details which could easily pass unnoticed at a casual glance and it seemed worth while to remark upon their high quality. I then said a word or two about the wide range of this specialised craft and how it was made to play many rôles, and was by no means confined to a mere adjunct of cabinet-making. Perhaps readers will find these photographs interesting. They show items from the same sale at Christie's from which the furniture illustrations were taken—the Rechnitzer Collection—and illustrate the use of ormolu, either by itself or as an embellishment to objects made of other materials. In the barometer and thermometer of Fig. 1, for example, the general shape is determined by the shape of the two instruments; the case is of wood painted around the thermometer with

trailing flower sprays in colours and, below the barometer, with a painting of a terrestrial globe on a green ground. If there was no more than this the piece would be agreeable enough, but what gives it distinction and character is the ormolu border whose design follows the outline of the case soberly enough, but adds sprays of flowers and foliage, so harmoniously and so cunningly that what began as a scientific instrument is transformed into a genuine work of art with a practical purpose. As to the quality of the casting and chasing, it is clear enough from the photograph that it leaves nothing to be desired—in short, is one more piece of evidence as to the high standard attained in the ordinary course in this exacting craft by the middle of the eighteenth century.

The candlestick of Fig. 2 is not, as one would naturally imagine without seeing the actual piece, of silver, but is also of ormolu; the style is typical of the 1740's, with its swirling asymmetrical lines, and is that made familiar by the work of J. A. Meissonier (1693–1750) who, whether as architect, sculptor or designer for metal-work, touched very little that he did not adorn with a pretty fantasy. The vase of Fig. 3 is of Chinese porcelain covered with a mottled-blue glaze; to this has been added a moulded lip in ormolu, two ivy branches hanging from the handles, and the base cast and chased with scrolls and foliage.

It is a curious fashion in modern eyes, this of marrying metal to porcelain; fine porcelain has its own virtue and needs no emphasis. Accept that doctrine whole-heartedly and you will dislike much eighteenth-century French decoration; you will also fail to appreciate much of its theory, which was to make of the contents of a room a complete whole in

which the objects on table or chimney-piece would echo, as it were, the decoration on the furniture; thus, on this assumption, simple porcelain vases might well seem undressed compared with the clocks, barometers, and what not, by which they were surrounded. You may agree or disagree with the theory; what you cannot do is to ignore it. It became the accepted convention and deserves to be judged according to the skill with which its various practitioners

effort. The mounts on this particular vase are in the style of Jean Claude Duplessis, who died in 1774, and the curious, on their next visit to the Wallace Collection, may care to examine a Chinese celadon vase ornamented in just this manner; this does not, of course, necessarily mean that Duplessis was personally responsible for the work; it does mean that he was sufficiently gifted to exercise a dominating influence upon many lesser craftsmen. He was attached to the porcelain manufactory first at Vincennes then at Sèvres, designing both porcelain pieces and their ormolu mounts, and he designed also the bronze ornaments for the famous *Bureau du Roi* in the Louvre, that elaborate masterpiece of the cabinet-maker Oeben, which was completed after his death by the no less famous Riesener, who succeeded to both Oeben's business and his widow. But perhaps the best-known of all the work of Duplessis is to be seen far away from Paris in what is now the museum of the old Seraglio in Constantinople, for there are a pair of gilt-bronze braziers made by Duplessis in 1742 and sent by Louis XV. as a present to the Sultan; not, I think, the most obvious place in which to look for a French bronze of the eighteenth century.

I would suggest that once we have managed to think ourselves back into the minds of these highly competent bronze-casters—as far as that is possible after 200 years—we shall have little difficulty in appreciating their work on such a piece as the vase of Fig. 3, which, Chinese though it is, is a shape made so familiar by dozens of European imitations and adaptations that it is easy to forget it came originally from the Far East; it has long since become part of the normal currency of Western taste. We need a much more deliberate effort of the imagination to accept without reservation the marriage of East and West in the vase of Fig. 4, because the very idea of a vase in the shape of a twin carp is something wholly Chinese and quite foreign to our notions. The porcelain is covered with a

FIG. 1. "A GENUINE WORK OF ART WITH A PRACTICAL PURPOSE": A LOUIS XV. BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER. (Height 44 ins.)

Frank Davis points out that what gives distinction and character to this piece "is the ormolu border whose design follows the outline of the case soberly enough, but adds sprays of flowers and foliage, so harmoniously and so cunningly that what began as a scientific instrument is transformed into a genuine work of art with a practical purpose."



FIG. 2. IN THE STYLE OF J. A. MEISSONIER (1693–1750): AN ORMOLU LOUIS XV. CANDLESTICK, ONE OF A PAIR. (Height 11 ins.)

The swirling asymmetrical lines of this candlestick are typical of the work of Juste Aurele Meissonier, French goldsmith, sculptor, painter, architect and furniture designer, who not only built houses but decorated their internal walls and designed their entire contents, from large pieces of furniture to such objects as tiny snuff-boxes.



FIG. 3. WITH LOUIS XV. ORMOLU MOUNTS: A CHINESE PORCELAIN VASE OF THE CH'EN LUNG PERIOD (1736–1796). (Height 11½ ins.)

This vase, modelled as vertical twin carp covered in a mottled, partly-cracked turquoise glaze, is mounted with an ormolu wave-pattern lip and a square base with foliage and seed-pod feet and up-springing bulrushes at the corners.

Illustrations by courtesy of Christie's.

succeeded in preserving the perilous balance between over-exuberance and rather dreary formalism. I suggest that, on the whole, and in spite of manifold temptations, they did preserve this balance remarkably well, but to understand their aims you have to immerse yourself in the spirit of the times, and that, to most of us on this side of the Channel, requires a conscious

FIG. 4. WITH LOUIS XVI. ORMOLU MOUNTS: A CHINESE PORCELAIN VASE, K'ANG HSI PERIOD (1662–1722). (Height 8½ ins.)

This

vase,

is

modelled

as

vertical

twin

carp

covered

in

a

mottled,

partly-cracked

turquoise

glaze,

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lip

and

a

square

base

with

foliage

and

seed-pod

feet

and

up-springing

bulrushes

at

the

corners.

AN EXHIBITION FOR PHILATELISTS: UNIQUE AND VALUABLE STAMPS ON SHOW.



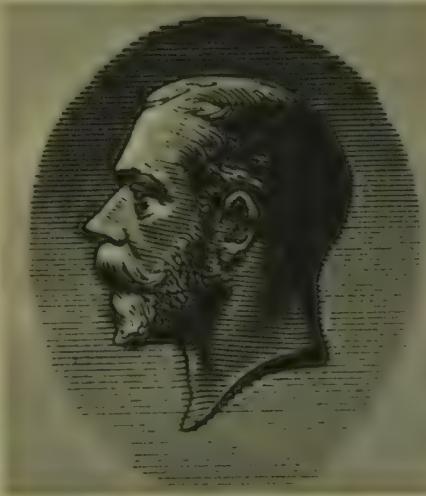
BEARING THE HEAD OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, THIS 1862 CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA FIVE-CENTS STAMP IS ONE OF A UNIQUE AND VALUABLE SHEET OF FOUR HUNDRED.



AN ENGRAVING BY JEAN FERDINAND JOUBERT DE LA FERTÉ FOR THE 4D POSTAGE STAMP OF 1855, THE FIRST STAMP PRINTED BY DE LA RUE.



SUBMITTED TO DE LA RUE IN 1895, THIS EXOTIC SKETCH FOR A ZANZIBAR STAMP SERVED AS THE BASE FOR THE FIRST DEFINITE ISSUE.



APPROVED AND COMMENDED BY KING GEORGE V: THIS HEAD WAS SHOWN TO THE KING BY SIR EVELYN DE LA RUE ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT IN 1911.



COMMEMORATING THE RE-INTERMENT OF KING CONSTANTINE AND QUEEN SOPHIA OF GREECE IN 1936, THE 3DR. STAMP WAS RETURNED FOR A GREY BAND TO BE INCORPORATED, AS IT IS IN THE 8DR. ISSUE SHOWN.



THE DESIGNS ARE SIMPLY DRAWN BY HAND AND DO NOT SHOW THE FINISHED EFFECT WHICH WILL BE OBTAINED BY ENGRAVING.



AN ESSAY OF A 6D. DENOMINATION PREPARED FOR WESTERN AUSTRALIA IN 1872.

AN ESSAY OF A £5 TELEGRAPH STAMP OF 1876, NOT ADOPTED. THE ISSUED STAMP WAS SIMILAR TO THE £5 POSTAGE STAMP.

ANNOTATED AS APPROVED BY THE P.M.G., THESE HAND-DRAWN ESSAYS FOR THE 1887 JUBILEE ISSUE ARE ACCOMPANIED BY A PENNY STAMP THEN IN ACTUAL USE AS AN EXAMPLE OF PRINTING QUALITY.



THIS IDEA FOR A PRE-PAID STAMP, SUBMITTED TO THE CONTROLLER OF STAMPS IN 1894, WAS NEVER ADOPTED.



THE FIRST DE LA RUE STAMP TO BE PRODUCED BY RECESS ENGRAVING: THE TWELVE-CENTS OF LABUAN, 1879. THE ORIGINAL PLATES FOR THIS ISSUE WERE FOUND INTACT AFTER ENEMY ACTION HAD DESTROYED THE FIRM'S FACTORIES IN 1940.

An exhibition of great interest to philatelists is the Centenary Exhibition which Messrs. Thomas De La Rue, the famous stamp printers, are staging at the Royal Philatelic Society's premises, 41, Devonshire Place, London, W.1. Among the 400 pages from the firm's archives are many original sketches, completed die proofs and make-ups shown for the first time. Many unique and rare stamps will be on view, including the pre-paid reply stamp of 1894, considered by the Postmaster-General but never adopted, and the sheet of the only American stamp designed and printed abroad—the 1862 Confederate States of America five-cents stamp;

probably the only sheet extant, this is very valuable. Another remarkable exhibit is the "ten-set" Labuan stamps, found beneath the ruins of the De La Rue factories after their destruction by enemy action in 1940, as were the original sketches for the 1887 Jubilee issue annotated "Approved by the Postmaster-General," which will doubtless attract attention. The exhibition, due to open from June 6th-18th, has been insured for £50,000. It will not be open to the public, but members of societies affiliated to the Royal Philatelic Society can obtain tickets from the Archivist, Thomas De La Rue and Co. Ltd., Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

FAMILY MAN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ONLY the other week I was writing with intensity about the will to believe, that so valuable gift in the theatre. Few can have developed it more highly than Liam O'Brien, author of "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker," at the New: a play that may be disturbing to the average peaceable monogamist.

After all, monogamy has seemed to be a good thing. There are recognised exceptions. Sailors, we know, have a wife in every port. Utah has numbers of most estimable Mormons. In some nations and religions a variety of wives is an asset, a highly laudable part of an ordered existence. But over here we have been brought up in single-mindedness, and it has never occurred to us to work on the Pennypacker Plan.

Or should I say that it has never occurred to most of us? One does remember Sir Alan Herbert's Hugh Heather, who sang in "Tantivy Towers" (and isn't it time somebody revived this?) :

Ah, call me not inconstant, who
Am constantly in love with two!
Who does not hate a narrow mind
By one unchanging creed confined?
So do I shun with every art
A too precise and narrow heart,
And so, my dear, look not so blue.
I am too good to be quite true.

Later, we recall, the Countess of Tantivy "inspects Bohemia," while the Earl discusses it and observes:

As my poor father used to say
In 1863,
Once people start on all this Art,
Good-bye, Monogamee!

Horace J. Pennypacker has long said good-bye to monogamy, but no one could accuse him of being an artist except, maybe, in life. He has something to do with pork and does it most efficiently, with branches in Wilmington, Delaware, and in Philadelphia. His family life also has branches in Wilmington and Philadelphia, though neither of them knows anything

eye as powerful and as glittering as the Ancient Mariner's, and (in the theatre) I am ready to believe anything he says.

Wait a moment. Does that make me believe in bigamy? No; everything must remain theoretical. And I hold that Mr. Pennypacker (though a colleague seems to be worried about it) can influence the habits of the country about as much as a large, whitewashed notice, "Hands Off Guatemala," splashed unofficially

'nineties must have held quite astonishingly advanced views as far back as 1870. The remarkable Pennypacker indeed! I feel we want a prologue-play to show just how he came by his ideas in an America recovering from the Civil War. At this point Mr. O'Brien turns his gaze upon me, and I drop into an awed silence.

As it stands, the play is most agreeable entertainment. And it must not be thought that I advocate bigamy any more than my still respected colleagues who admire "My Three Angels," are advocating death from snakebite as a useful and acceptable end. Not Pennypacker himself would argue me into agreeing that charm can gloss over callousness. Reverting to the Bigamist of Wilmington, I need say merely that Nigel Patrick acts with infinite address, that his various stage children are as beguiling as any infant phenomena can be, and that Hugh Wakefield—reminding me oddly of someone from a Disney cartoon—grapples with the choleric grandfather: a curious bit of casting that hardly comes off.

We fell with a bump next evening "Into Thin Air." This ran up four performances at the Globe and failed from sheer lack of invention. Its author, Chester Erskine, having decided that his little man must become invisible from time to time—at any rate, to those on the stage—found that he had no other idea in his head. (Or only one: the joke about a coloured maid who seems to own most of New York; a good joke but not enough for a whole night.) A great craftsman of the theatre, Arthur Wing Pinero, whose centenary we have just celebrated, would have looked grimly upon this piece. Put it beside "The Schoolmistress" or "The Magistrate" from the eighteen-eighties and it would itself melt into thin air.

It puzzled me to think why this trick-and-flick should have had all the pomp of production on a Shaftesbury Avenue stage. The English theatre is not so short of dramatists as all that. For example, I cannot understand why a management does not venture



"AS IT STANDS, THE PLAY IS MOST AGREEABLE ENTERTAINMENT": "THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER" (NEW THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE COMEDY BY LIAM O'BRIEN, IN WHICH LAURA (FRANCES GUTHRIE) IS MADE BY HER GRANDFATHER (HUGH WAKEFIELD) TO TAKE HER ADVERTISEMENT FOR BALLET LESSONS OUT OF THE WINDOW. ON THE LEFT IS AUNT JANE (HELENA PICKARD).



"NIGEL PATRICK RULES THE SCENE, WITH AMPLE HELP FROM THE COMPANY CONTROLLED BY JOHN FERNALD": "THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER," SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH WILBUR'S FATHER, DR. FIFIELD, DENOUNCES DARWINISM. (L. TO R.) GRAMPA PENNYPACKER (HUGH WAKEFIELD), DR. FIFIELD (NOEL ILIFFE), MA PENNYPACKER (ELIZABETH SELLARS), KATE PENNYPACKER (JOCELYN JAMES), FA PENNYPACKER (NIGEL PATRICK) AND WILBUR FIFIELD (JOHN FORREST).

at all about the other: Mr. Pennypacker seems to work on the principle that his left hand should not know what the right is doing. If he looks after each hand, what does it matter if they are not in contact?

Although Mr. Pennypacker has been going on like this for twenty years, behaving (so it would seem, on excellent evidence) as a model husband and father, nobody else hears a thing about it. It is certainly a tribute to Liam O'Brien's blarneying powers that he can get us to swallow this. One would have thought that, now and again, a rumour of the double life must have reached Wilmington, or a hint or two ruffled the placid surface of Philadelphia. Not a trace of it. Mr. Pennypacker has gone forward blithely across the years, doubly a family man and entirely impeccable. I repeat: just as an actor can persuade himself that he is indeed the character he represents, and, in so doing, can hold his audience, a dramatist—if he has faith enough—can fix us sternly and make us believe that black is white, two and two are five, and the moon is made of seasoned Camembert. Mr. O'Brien in this play has an

inside a railway arch near Camden Town, can be held to have influenced the Government. Moreover, Pennypacker was on the rampage in 1890 or thereabouts, a date that makes me wonder a little. He had been maintaining his Philadelphia and Wilmington establishments for twenty years. So this "progressive" of the early



"IT IS PEPPERED WITH GOOD LINES": "THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER," SHOWING A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) AUNT JANE (HELENA PICKARD); BEN (PETER MURPHY), FA PENNYPACKER (NIGEL PATRICK), HENRY (KENNETH FORTESCUE); MA PENNYPACKER (ELIZABETH SELLARS) AND EDWARD (RICHARD PETERS).

with Henry Treece's Edward the Second chronicle, "Carnival King," which I saw at the Nottingham Playhouse last year, and which (for me) came over better than "Richard of Bordeaux."

Nottingham, honour to it, has just put on "Footsteps in the Sea," a new drama by Treece, who is a genuine poet. It is by no means his best work; but what

of that? Here is a new and vigorous piece by a writer with a sense of words (if not always of deeds), and produced authoritatively by John Harrison, one of the best young directors in England. While there is so much life and invention as at Nottingham (I hope to return to it later), there is no reason to think that our theatre will fade into thin air or that a Mr. Pennypacker must marshal some of his more ingenious arguments on its behalf. The theatre is all right; it will come through its manifold difficulties. But it would be pleasant (one murmurs wistfully) to meet a series of new English plays in London itself. Why must managers stare for ever across the Atlantic or the Channel? Pennypacker swivels round to look at me, and I am momentarily silent. But as soon as he looks away, I shall begin again.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER" (New).—Too remarkable for some people, I dare say. Is not this a bit of special pleading for bigamy? Or is it? We need not be too troubled about Horace J. Pennypacker, of Wilmington and Philadelphia, who is in all things a perfect business man and a charming member of society. Between them, he and Liam O'Brien, the author, smooth away our fears and make us regret—scandalously, I am sure—that Pennypacker's double life could not have been continued without break. Still, we should not then have had an amusing night. Though the comedy dithers a bit in the third act, it is peppered with good lines, and it has a first-act curtain that will remain in our memory as a neat bit of stagecraft. Nigel Patrick rules the scene, with ample help from the company controlled by John Fernald. (May 18.)

"INTO THIN AIR" (Globe).—This is an epitaph on a piece (by Chester Erskine) too fragile to endure: a piece of unresourceful comedy that baffled the efforts of even Peter Sallis and Jill Melford. (May 19-21.)

"FOOTSTEPS IN THE SEA" (Playhouse, Nottingham).—I hope to have a chance of returning to this night, interesting as an example of repertory enterprise. The play—more poetic than dramatic—by that highly imaginative writer, Henry Treece, is about the Vikings in ninth-century Northumbria. It received a worthy production by John Harrison in settings by Voytek. (May 23.)

DANNY KAYE (Palladium).—Just a house-party for a friend. Danny Kaye is now as familiar to us as Nelson's Column and rather more mobile. (May 23.)

"THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE" (Cambridge).—A happy frisk by William Douglas Home to which I shall return next week. (May 24.)

A NEW BALLET WOVEN FROM A WITCH'S SPELL:
"THE HOUSE OF BIRDS," AT SADLER'S WELLS.



OUTSIDE THE WITCH'S HOUSE: THE BIRDWOMAN (DOREEN TEMPEST; CENTRE) AND HER VICTIMS, THE MEN WHOM SHE HAS CHANGED INTO BIRDS AND HOLDS CAPTIVE BENEATH HER SPELL.



INSIDE THE WITCH'S HOUSE: THE BIRDWOMAN (DOREEN TEMPEST) WEAVING HER MAGIC SPELL. BEHIND HER ARE THE ENCHANTED WOMEN SHE HAS CHANGED INTO BIRDS.



(ABOVE.)
THE BIRDWOMAN CHANGES THE GIRL (MARYON LANE) INTO A BIRD AND TIES HER UP—ANOTHER SCENE INSIDE THE HOUSE OF HIRING.



MAY 26, Polling Day, coincided with the world première of Mr. Kenneth MacMillan's latest ballet, "House of Birds," produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre. Mr. MacMillan, a twenty-five-year-old dancer from the Company, whose ballet, "Dances Concertantes," is currently in the repertoire, has based his story on a fairy-tale by the brothers Grimm called "Jorinda and Joringel." It tells of a [Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.)
AFTER THE ROMANTIC YOUNG MAN HAS BROKEN THE SPELL: THE BIRDWOMAN WAKES TO FIND HER PRISONERS RELEASED FROM THEIR CAGES AND THREATENING HER.



(ABOVE.)
WATCHED BY HER PREVIOUS VICTIMS: THE BIRDWOMAN PREPARES TO CAST HER MAGIC SPELL OVER THE GIRL (MARYON LANE).

Continued.] witch who changes passers-by into birds and holds them captive in cages until a romantic young man comes along who breaks the spell. For the score Mr. John Lanchbery, conductor of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet Orchestra, has orchestrated a collection of piano pieces by the Spanish composer Federico Mompou. This is the first occasion on which Mompou's music has been used for the theatre. The décor and costumes have been designed by Nicholas Georgiadis. Dancing the leading rôles are Maryon Lane and David Poole as "The Lovers," and Doreen Tempest as "The Birdwoman."

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

In every age there is some hold-all form of literature, with nearly everyone having a go. And for a long time now it has been the novel and its variants. Sooner or later, prose fiction draws in all contemporary talents, even the least adapted to it. Which may not be wholly a bad thing; it has enlarged the genre out of all reckoning, and it is no worse for the individual writer than the preceding tyranny of drama. Indeed, it gives him infinitely more of a chance. Even if he can't manage a plot, he is less handicapped than in any other dispensation—since they all seem to demand a plot.

But of course it is easy to distinguish the real novelists from the merely circumstantial kind. One would give a lot of dyed-in-the-wool fiction for "Flamingo Feather," by Laurens van der Post (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.). Yet nobody could take this writer for a novelist; to begin with, he simply can't tell a long story. Here, he has actually tried an exciting story: a yarn of African adventure, in the Rider Haggard vein, lined with a menace-of-the-Kremlin mystery. The hero, Pierre de Beauvilliers, snatches a black prince from a posse of Takwena murderers, at his own doorstep on the Cape. But the man dies in his arms—leaving behind an empty envelope, and a flamingo feather. The one has Pierre's address, in the writing of a supposedly dead friend; the other is the secret sign of a "great dream." And he knows instantly that evil is being planned, on a world-scale. Ours not to reason why; Pierre is informed of it by "every instinct he has." On the same ground, he knows the Baltic Star of Truth to be mixed up in it. And off he goes on the spoor—at first, hunting a legendary anchorage near Mozambique: later, to the Takwena capital in Umangoni....

Admittedly it sounds all right. But if you tried to read it for the yarn—I can't say you would hang yourself, which implies eagerness; you simply wouldn't go on. In theory, the whole quest is a race against time; in fact, it is as dense and cluttered with description as a tropical forest. Pierre's style has no capacity for haste; it is the private mirror of an astonishingly lush, flamboyant, individual consciousness. Which is, of course, the author's, too; and as the jacket says, we are inclined to get them mixed up. But I can't agree that one is led on to accept the story as a personal experience. It doesn't read like that, partly because the author's talent is solipsistic; his "other people" seem to be just reflections of his world-view. Which is one paradox—for nobody deals more in godlike friendships and transcendent loves. Another lies in the contrast of heroic action and endurance with overflowing, even excessive sentiment. And finally, his style is "myth-making," anthropomorphic, literally without pause. "The night came up on us like a black ship flying a defiant skull and cross-bones of sunset at its mast...." That is no purple passage, it is just the way he writes.

OTHER FICTION.

"Requiem for a Wren," by Nevil Shute (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.) offers a more banal, yet still more curious example of "displaced" talent. The author is as much a novelist by circumstance as Mr. van der Post, though in a very different line; yet he is called a "prince of storytellers," and is enormously popular. And with good reason, too; he has an unrivalled journalistic flair for giving widely interesting, slightly exotic information in the guise of narrative. This novel is described as his finest since "A Town Like Alice"—which had a broken back, you may remember. "Alice" could never, although fascinating, have been a good story; this I think might have been. It begins with Alan's home-coming, after five years, to the enormous property and "gracious living" of Coombargana—and to the news that an English house parlourmaid has poisoned herself. Nobody knows why. But then, she "kept her place"; nobody knows a thing about her. And it is left for Alan to investigate. First, he uncovers her missing papers; and she appears as his dead brother's girl, the sturdy and efficient Wren Alan once met during the war. Later, we learn that he has just spent five years in pursuit of her. And to conclude, a diary reveals what brought her to Coombargana, and why she took her own life.

It is a childish, really touching diary; and there are touching and dramatic incidents earlier on. Yet the whole hopeful story is a botch; it doesn't really get itself launched till more than half-way through. However, one can do without as usual; for while the novelist is still misguidedly groping around, the inspired journalist is at his peak. No one should miss the D-Day preparation scenes, from Janet's vantage-point at "Mastodon" on the Beaulieu River. The spite at England is still visible—but under more control.

And now we come to a real novelist. "The Mountain and the Molehill," by Honor Croome (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), is a well-made and distinguished little work—and a story that could never have been anything else. The year is 1922, the theatre a girls' school in Switzerland. There Marie Boissier—saint, genius, juggernaut, now over fifty, and financially hard-pressed—plugs the demand of the ideal, with contained rage. Her girls have to be dedicated spirits, the whole time. Since she is a genius, they attempt this feat, and have a lot of priggish *esprit de corps*. But they are paltry fruits of a life's sacrifice. No one has really understood, since Thea Colby walked out on her: no one, till fifteen-year-old Sara Brennan—the orphan child of the deserter.

And Sara does understand, and desires passionately to be "one of ours." Yet she goes wrong with everyone: wrong with the girls, wrong with the formidable Marie, to the point of agony. There is an excellent little plot; the juggernaut gets a fair deal, and the school ethos is amusing and lifelike.

"Madam, Will You Talk?" by Mary Stewart (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), although beginner's work, opens more charmingly than any thriller I have read for an age. Charity and her friend Louise have just arrived at the hotel Tiset-Védène in Avignon. Among their fellow-guests is an appealing little English boy with a French "mother," and—it would seem—a murdering father on his track. Charity gets involved—and finds herself on a horrible, lapwing tour of Provence, trying to throw off the enemy. Romantic, well-written and full of promise.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

POLITICS AND CRIME; BIRDS AND MOUNTAINS.

IT is a long time since I enjoyed a piece of *rapporlage* as much as "No Flies in China," by G. S. Gale (Allen and Unwin; 15s.). Mr. Gale was the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent who accompanied the somewhat odd Labour Party mission to China, where the leaders of the delegation, Messrs. Attlee, Bevan and Morgan Phillips danced a saraband of mutual dislike and public rivalry. The book takes its title from the fact that the new China has been cleaned up by its Communist masters. It is not a cheering book in its conclusions, for Mr. Gale writes: "If I am asked: how powerful is the Chinese Government of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, I would say 'very powerful, and not likely to become less so'; and if I am asked how powerful is China, I would answer 'very powerful and likely to become more so.' These are the premises from which policy towards China should proceed...."

The new China which, as he suggests, is content to watch its strength in manpower grow from 600,000,000 to 700,000,000, has all the puritanism and the striving towards cleanliness (hence the title) of the new materialist religion, which is Communism. But, as Mr. Aneurin Bevan most aptly pointed out to his hosts during his stay, the success of Chinese Communism is due to its close alliance with nationalism. Perhaps this is the basic fact of any successful revolution. The French Revolution might possibly have collapsed under the weight of its divisions and incompetence but for the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto. The Whites might possibly have defeated the disorganized Reds in Russia but for that "intervention" by the Allied Powers which still haunts Russian Communist imagination. Mr. Gale, it is clear, does not like the George Orwell side of the new China. But Mr. Gale is that admirable if, alas, old-fashioned thing, a civilised humane Western liberal. He scarcely conceals his contempt for the delegation he accompanied, and indeed some of his descriptions, particularly the incident on the aircraft between Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan, are extremely well told and excruciatingly funny. As Mr. Gale says: "The Russians, Germans, even the English, are nice. Everybody is nice. But that does not mean that everything in their gardens is lovely, or that because they have given us a cup of tea we should admire their weeds." This combination of realism and liberalism (if one may say so, in these modern days a rare one) presents the reader with a strange and frightening picture of the new China, where the sight of the smoke from a factory chimney is more a matter of delight and pride than the "Willow Pattern Embellishment." As I have suggested, it is written with a succinct and compelling charm, and I shall look forward eagerly to Mr. Gale's next book.

Some twenty years or more ago, ski-ing alone on the slopes above Mürren (in itself a foolish thing to do) I heard a whoosh and a roar and stared around apprehensively, thinking that I might be in the path of an avalanche. In fact, the noise was made by the wings of a golden eagle which had stooped on a chough, missed it, and was braking only a few feet above my head. The sequel was interesting. Every chough in the Lauterbrunnen Valley gathered to harry the eagle back to its eyrie on the terrifying north face of the Eiger. The eaglet is a charming little creature—all wide-eyed fierceness and fluffed-up down—and there is no nobler bird which flies than the eagle of almost any species. Mr. Leslie Brown in "Eagles" (Michael Joseph; 18s.) writes "I have studied eagles now, on and off, for over fifteen years. I would not care to guess how many thousand miles I have walked, in heat and drought in Africa, sleet and wind in Scotland, often weary but far more often enjoying myself to the full." His book has a great deal to say about African eagles (he is a member of the Colonial Civil Service, apparently at the moment in Nigeria) and to my mind, perhaps because the golden eagle which he observed so carefully in the Cairngorms is, if one may put it like that, fairly "ordinary," the chapters on the African eagles are the most interesting. He has observed, and indeed photographed, such unfamiliar birds to the British ornithologist as Wahlberg's Eagle, the Bateleur and the African Snake Eagle which, as its name implies, lives on those less pleasant members of the reptilian world. A most interesting book and, as I say, well illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

Now that there are practically no untrodden peaks in the Alps, and most of the more famous Himalayan mountains have been climbed (though there are still hundreds of miles of unnamed mountains waiting to be conquered on the borders of once-more-forbidden Tibet), the Andes are increasingly attracting the attention of the international mountaineer. The latest book on this part of the world is "The Untrodden Andes," by C. G. Egeler and T. de Booy, translated from the Dutch by W. E. James (Faber; 25s.). This is a story of an expedition consisting of these two young Dutchmen and a Frenchman, Lionel Terray, fresh from the magnificent but frightening conquest of Annapurna, who climbed among the Cordillera Blanca and who made the first ascent of the great 21,000-ft. peak of Huantsán. The difference between Himalayan and Andean climbing is, of course, that the Latin-American Indian or the mestizo on whom they had to rely as porters can in no way compare for courage. The book is sometimes a little formless, the two narrators taking it in turn on occasions to describe the same incident, but the result loses nothing in its exciting telling. This technique of giving two angles on the same picture is at its best in the terrifying story of de Booy's 300-ft. fall over an overhang in the last light at a height of some 20,000 ft. It is well illustrated with photographs and the story is recounted with a deceptive casualness.

I must declare my interest, as the parliamentarians say, in "The Woman in the Case," by Edgar Lustgarten (Deutsch; 10s. 6d.), as Mr. Lustgarten is one of my older friends. Viewing it, therefore, with as objective an eye as possible, I can only say that I greatly enjoyed this interesting description of four famous murder trials in which women were involved. The women concerned are Alma Rattenbury, Helen Lambie, Harriet Staunton and Madeleine Smith, and Mr. Lustgarten, with his admirable professional legal equipment and journalistic skill re-presents these cases in a manner as unusual as it is fascinating.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

BY BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THOUGH Paul Morphy's surname was, I understand, a Spanish version of Murphy, and Britain's leading player of to-day was born in Cork, Irish chess has hitherto made little impact on the world. After all, it has a population to draw on only about half that of Greater London and, apart from Dublin and Belfast, has no concentrated centres of population of the size apparently needed to develop masters. Yet it is exhibiting all the signs of an impending renaissance.

Last year the organisers of An Tóstal, a sort of Spring Festival, incorporated in their programme for the first time an international chess tournament. From the invited players, Count O'Kelly de Galway (Belgium), L. W. Barden (England), R. G. Wade (New Zealand) and V. Soultanbeiff (Belgium), the Irish participants failed to wrest even a single draw.

This year the invited were O'Kelly again, T. D. Van Scheltinga (Holland), Dr. Ossip Bernstein and I. Believe it or not, Dr. Bernstein is that same Bernstein who took part in the tournaments at Barmen in 1905, Ostend in 1907, St. Petersburg 1909 and 1914, San Sebastian 1911...; who disappeared from the international arena between the two world wars, only to re-appear at Groningen and then in London in 1946. At the age of seventy-three, naturally, any player is somewhat of an unpredictable factor, though at Montevideo, a few weeks ago, he trounced Najdorf in an excellent game. At Cork, where this year's An Tóstal tournament was held, he certainly seemed a mighty young seventy-three. His flood of reminiscences about such legendary figures as Tchigorin, Steinitz, Schlechter, Alapin, Mason, Pillsbury and others made mealtimes an unforgettable experience.

Though I must weigh my words because personally involved, I feel safe in saying that the overseas opposition this year was at least as strong as last. Yet the four Irish players robbed us visitors of four draws and one outright win. E. N. Mulcahy, their young champion and a Cork man, beat Bernstein and very nearly beat Van Scheltinga as well. We shall hear more of Mulcahy! D. J. O'Sullivan drew with the same two players, though he lost all his remaining games!

For the record, the scores were (1) O'Kelly, 6; (2-3) T. D. Van Scheltinga and B. H. Wood, 4½; (4) Dr. Bernstein, 4; (5) E. N. Mulcahy, 3½; (6) J. J. Walsh, 2½; (7) J. Reid, 2; (8) D. J. O'Sullivan, 1.

The Irish Chess Federation's secretary, E. Rohan, is another young man; unorthodox, occasionally misguided, but brilliantly enthusiastic and original. He is personally responsible, I am told, for founding a dozen new clubs within the last twelve months. Ireland, he decided, must have its own chess magazine. In such a restricted field, normal publication methods would be suicidal. So he bullied his federation into laying out £80 on a printing press and now, every month, he bullies a batch of Dublin players into hours and hours of typesetting in their spare time. Two issues of the new magazine thus produced by unskilled amateur labour have appeared so far—with fewer misprints than I have seen in some professional efforts.

Clearly Irish chess has a visionary as an organiser, and men of promise coming along as players. If the Tóstal tournaments continue as a regular annual event, thus assuring Ireland's keenest players of regular top-class practice, I foresee them scaling previously undreamt-of heights.

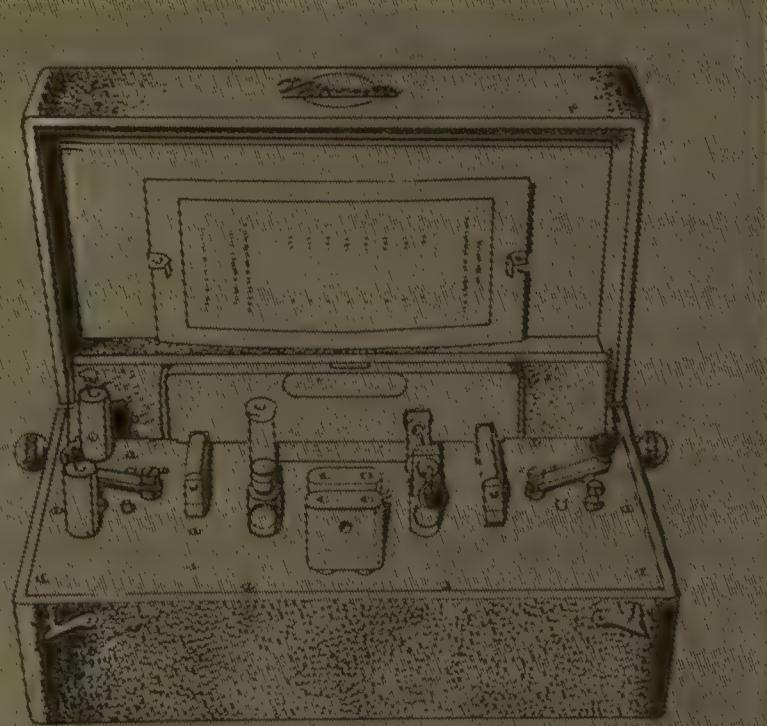
Incidentally, I have now kissed the Blarney stone. Does the eloquence which it is supposed to bestow extend to the written word? I'm not certain myself, but think it only fair to warn you, in case.

They attempt this feat, and have a lot of priggish *esprit de corps*. But they are paltry fruits of a life's sacrifice. No one has really understood, since Thea Colby walked out on her: no one, till fifteen-year-old Sara Brennan—the orphan child of the deserter.

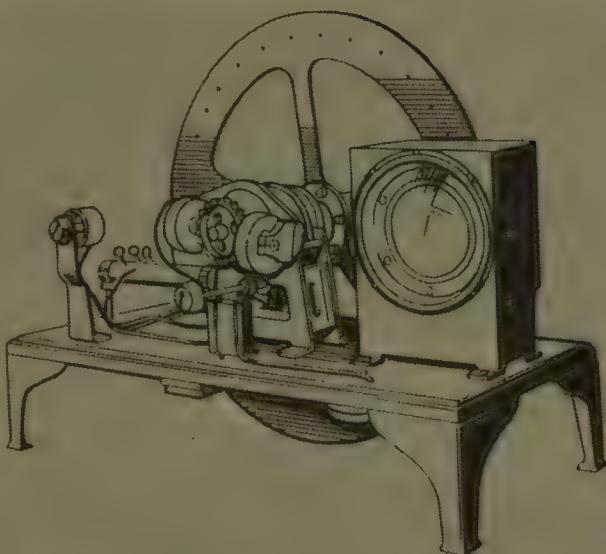
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K. JOHN.



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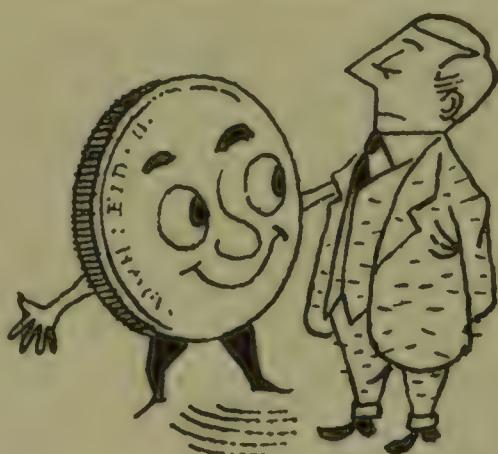


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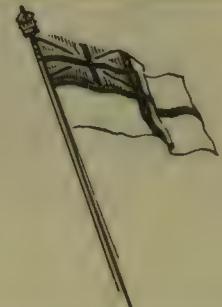
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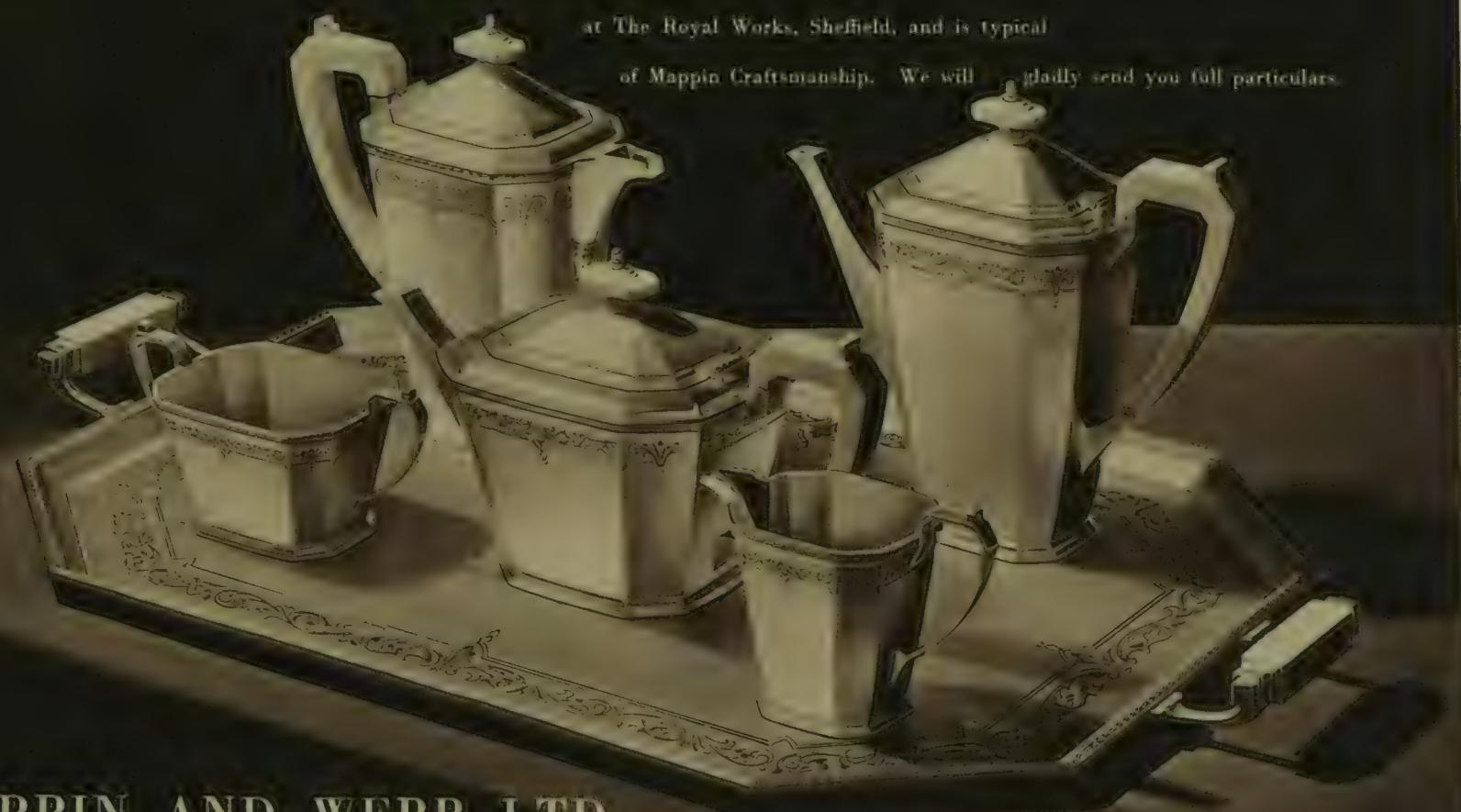
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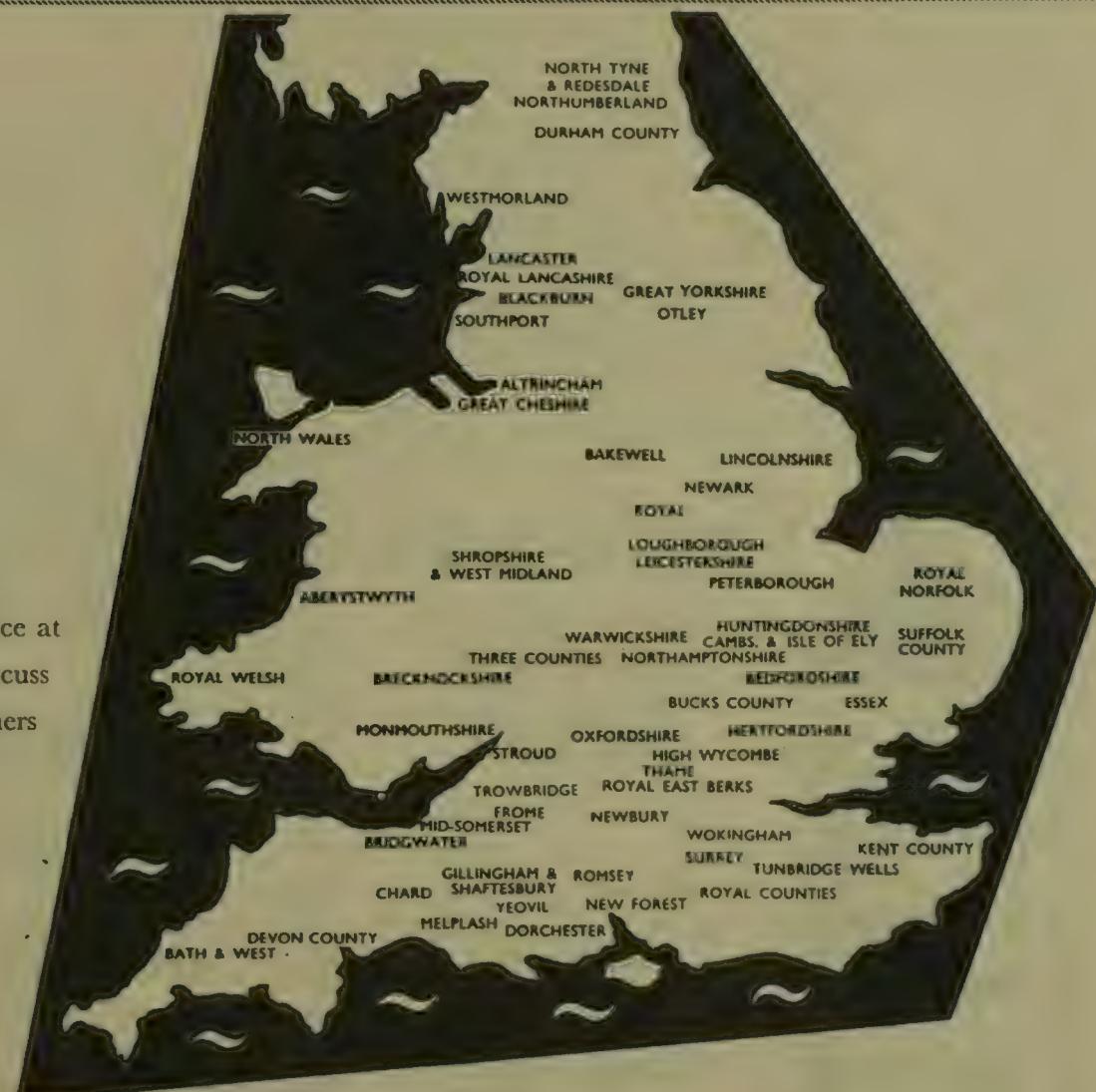
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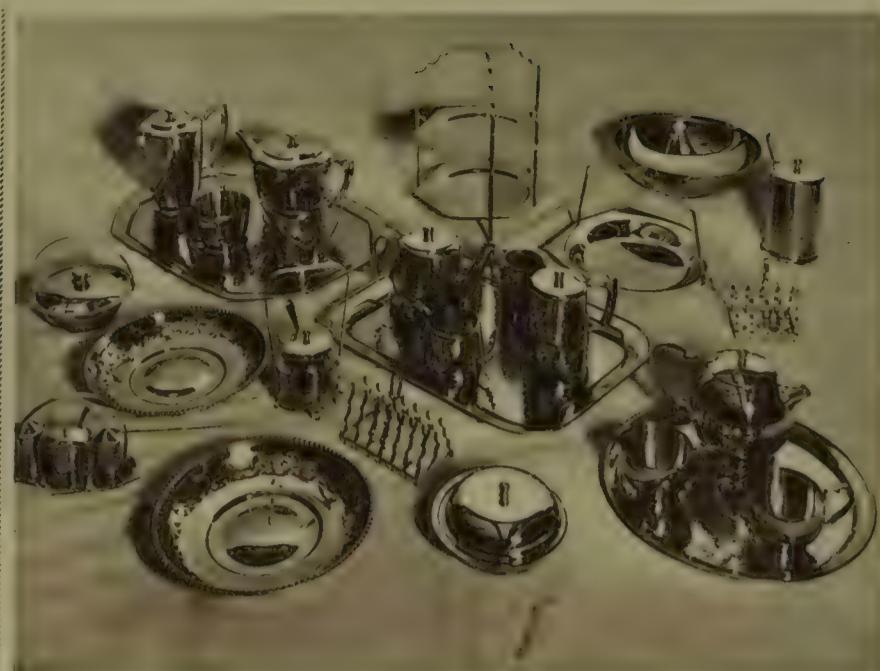
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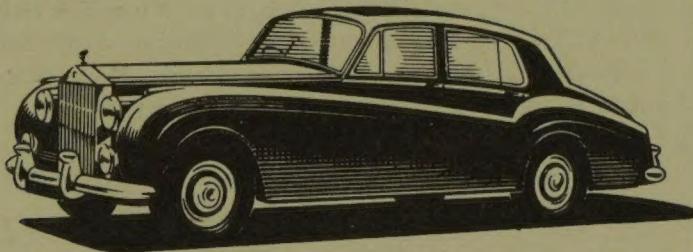
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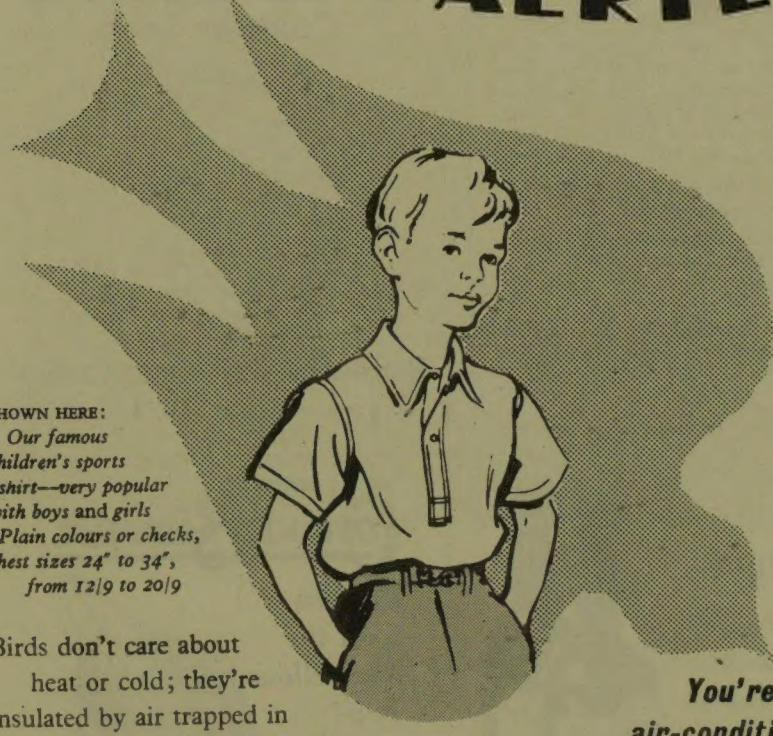
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waits on appetite,
and health on
both!"

—Macbeth.

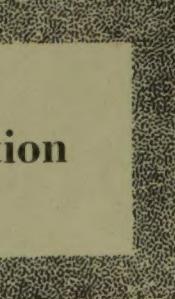


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JUNE

THE OLD CHERRY-PICKER

The ripe cherries of June remind us of our absolutely favourite person in English and Irish history. Katherine Fitzgerald, Countess of Desmond, was born 1464 and died 1604. (There are spoil-sports who dispute that date of birth, and say the old Countess was a mere 104 when she died. We are less niggardly, and insist on 140.) But it is not her great age alone that puts the Countess at the top of our list of favourites. The fact is that, at the age of 90, she broke her leg falling out of a cherry-tree. We have never found record of anybody else falling out of a cherry-tree at the age of 90. We are sorry for Katherine Fitzgerald. It must have been painful. But what was she doing up a cherry-tree at the age of 90? History does not in fact relate. Perhaps she had gone up to fix a hammock, so that she could snooze in the sun. She may have been trying to rescue a stranded and yiauling kitten. But we prefer to think that she was picking, or trying to pick, some particularly juicy-looking cluster from a tree when her grumpy young (say about 75) gardener wasn't looking.



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at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

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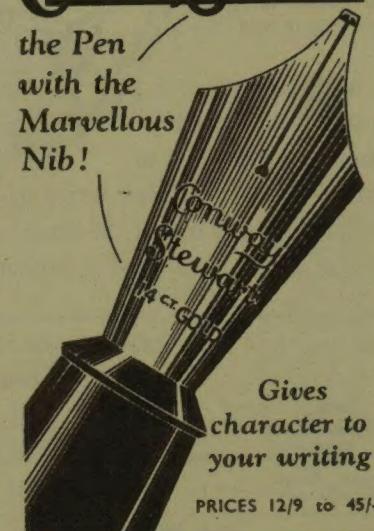
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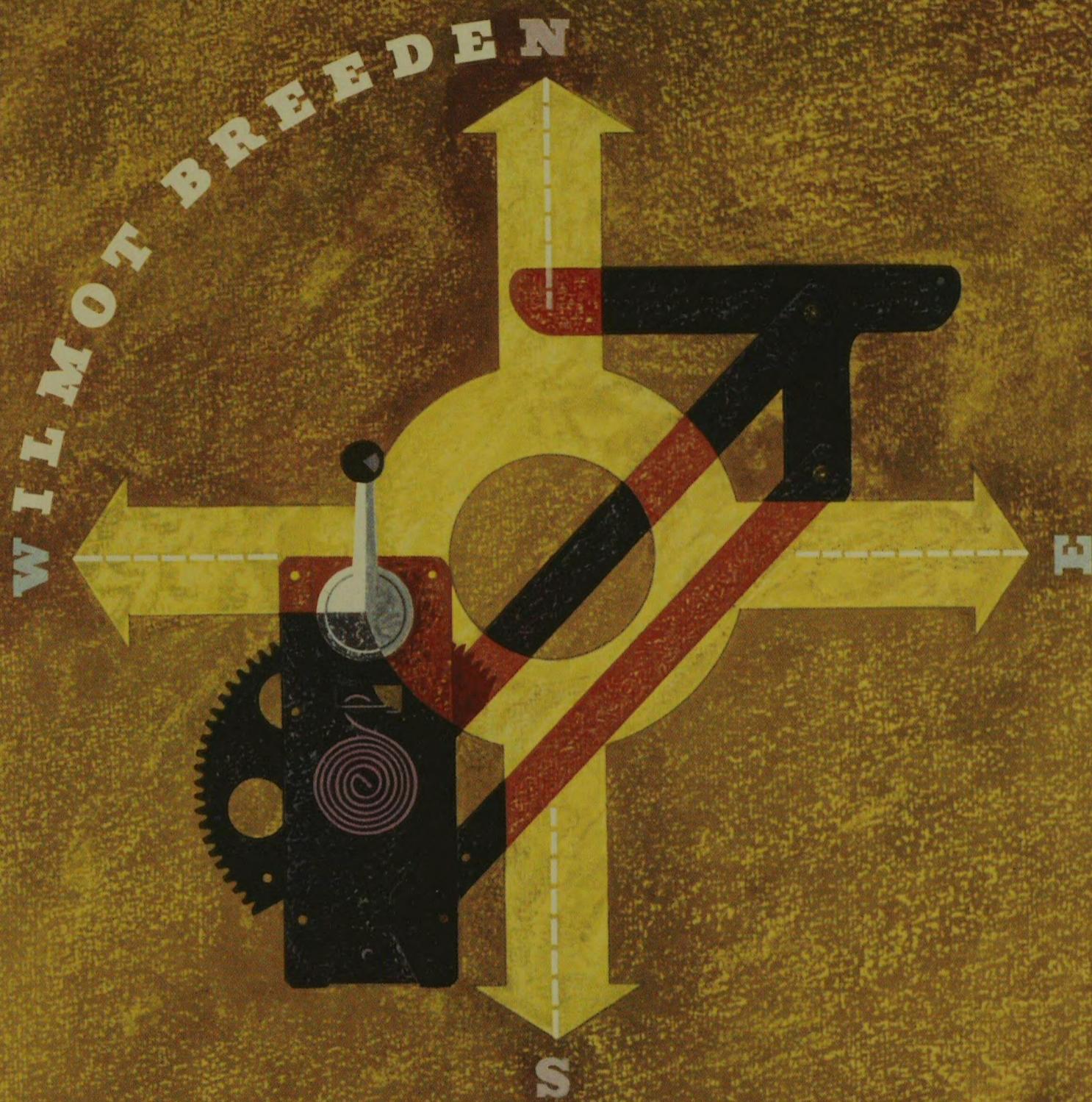
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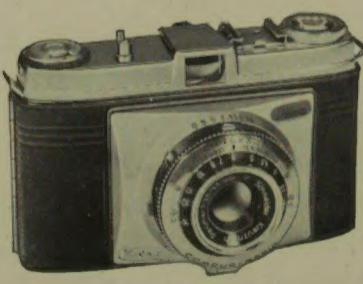
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